MARIE MAGDALENS FVNERALL TEARES.

Ieremiæ.

CAP. 6. VERSE, 26.

Luctum vnigeniti fac tibi planctum Amarum.

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To the worſhipfull and vertuous Gentlewoman, *Miſtreſſe D. A.*

YOur vertuous requeſt to which your deſerts gaue the force of a cõmandement, won me to ſatisfie your deuotion, in penning ſome little diſcourſe of the bleſſed *Mary Magdalen*. And among other glorious examples of this Saints life, I haue made choiſe of her Funeral Teares, in which as ſhee moſt vttered the great vehemencie of her feruent loue to Chriſt, ſo hath ſhee giuen

therein largeſt ſcope to dilate vpon the ſame : a theame pleaſing I hope vnto your ſelfe, and fitteſt for this time. For as paſſion, and eſpecially this of loue, is in theſe daies the chiefe commaunder of moſte mens actions, & the Idol to which both tongues and pennes doe ſacrifice their ill beſtowed labours : ſo is there nothing nowe more needefull to bee intreated, than how to direct theſe humours vnto their due courſes, and to draw this floud of affections into the right chanel. Paſſions I allow, and loues I approoue, onely I woulde wiſhe that men would alter their obiect and better their intent. For paſſions being ſequels of our nature, and allotted vnto vs as the handmaides of reaſon : there can be no doubt, but that as their authour is

good

good,and their end godly: ſo their vſe tempered in the meane, implieth no offence. Loue is but the infancie of true charitie, yet ſucking natures teate, and ſwathed in her bandes, which then groweth to perfection, when faith beſides naturall motiues propoſeth higher and nobler grounds of amitie. Hatred and anger are the neceſſarie officers of proweſſe & iuſtice, courage being cold and dull, and Iuſtice in due reuenge ſlacke & careleſſe, where hate of the fault doth not make it odious,& anger ſetteth not an edge on the ſword that puniſheth or preuenteth wronges. Deſire and hope are the parents of diligence and induſtrie, the nurſes of perſeuerance and conſtancie, the ſeedes of valour and magnanimitie, the death of ſloth, and the

breath of all vertue. Feare and diſlike are the ſcoutes of diſcretion, the herbingers of wiſedome and pollicie, killing idle repentance in the cradle, and curbing raſhneſſe with deliberation. Audacitie is the armour of ſtrength, and the guide to glorie, breaking the ice to the hardeſt exploites, and crowning valour with honourable victorie.

Sorrowe is the ſiſter of mercie, and a waker of compaſſion, weeping with others teares, and greeued with their harmes. It is both the ſalue and ſmart of ſinne, curing that which it chaſtiſeth with true remorſe, and preuenting neede of newe cure with the deteſtation of the diſeaſe. Diſpaire of ſucceſſe, is a bitte againſt euill attemptes, and the hearſe of idle hopes ending endleſſe

endleſſe thinges in their firſt motion to begin. True ioy is the reſt & reward of vertue, ſeaſoning difficulties with delight, and giuing a preſent aſſay of future happineſſe. Finally, there is no paſſion but hath a ſeruiceable vſe either in the purſuite of good, or auoydance of euill, and they are all benefites of God and helpes of nature, ſo long as they are kept vnder vertues correction.

But as too much of the beſt is euill, and exceſſe in vertue vice: ſo paſſions let looſe without limmits are imperfections, nothing being good that wanteth meaſure. And as the ſea is vnfit for traffick, not onely when the windes are too boiſterous, but alſo when they are too ſtill, and a middle gale and motion of the waues ſerueth beſt

the ſailers purpoſe: So neither too ſtormie nor too calme a minde giueth Vertue the firſt courſe, but a middle temper betweene them both, in which the well ordered paſſions are wrought to proſecute, not ſuffered to peruert anie vertuous indeuour. Such were the paſſions of this holy Saint, which were not guides to reaſon, but attendantes vpon it, and commaunded by ſuch a loue as could neuer exceede, becauſe the thing loued was of infinite perfection. And if her weakeneſſe of faith, (an infirmity then common to all Chriſtes diſciples) did ſuffer her vnderſtanding to be deceiued, yet was her will ſo ſetled in a moſt ſincere and perfect loue, that it led all her paſſions with the ſame bias, recompenſing the want of beliefe, with the

the ſtrange effects of an excellent charitie. This loue and theſe paſſions are the ſubiecte of this diſcourſe, which though it reach not to the dignitie of *Maries* deſertes, yet ſhall I thinke my indeuors well appayde, if it may woo ſome skilfuller pennes from vnworthie labours, either to ſupplie in this matter my want of abilitie, or in other of like pietie, (wherof the ſcripture is full) to exerciſe their happier talents. I knowe that none can expreſſe a paſſion that he feeleth not, neither dooth the pen deliuer but what it coppieth out of the mind. And therefore ſith the fineſt wits are now giuen to write paſſionate diſcourſes, I would wiſh them to make choiſe of ſuch paſſions, as it neither ſhould be ſhame to vtter, nor ſinne to feele.

But

But whether my wiſhes in this behalfe take effect or not, I reape at the leaſt this reward of my paines, that I haue ſhewed my deſire to anſwere your curteſie, and ſet forth the due praiſes of this glorious ſaint.

Your louing friend,

S. W.

To the Reader.

MAnie ſuting their labours to the popular vaine, and guided by the gale of vulgar breath, haue diuulged diuers patheticall diſcourſes, in which if they had ſhewed as much care to profit, as they haue done deſire to pleaſe, their workes would much more haue honoured their names, and auailed the Readers. But it is a iuſt complaint among the better ſort of perſons, that the fineſt wittes looſe themſelues in the vaineſt follies, ſpilling much Art in ſome idle phanſie, and leauing their workes as witneſſes howe long they haue beene in trauaile, to be in fine deliuered of a fable. And ſure it is a thing greatly to

bee

be lamented, that men of ſo high conceite, ſhould ſo much abaſe their habilities, that when they haue racked them to the vttermoſt endeuour, all the praiſe that they reape of their imploiment, conſiſteth in this, that they haue wiſely told a fooliſh tale, and carried a long lie very ſmoothly to the end. Yet this inconuenience might find ſome excuſe, if the drift of their diſcourſe leuelled at any vertuous marke. For in fables are often figured morall truths, and that couertlye vttered to a common good, which without a maske would not finde ſo free a paſſage. But when the ſubſtance of the worke hath neither truth nor probabilitie, nor the purport thereof tendeth to any honeſt end, the writer is rather to be pittied than praiſed, and his bookes fitter for the fire than for the preſſe. This common ouerſight more haue obſcrued, thã endeuoured to ſalue, euery one being able to reprooue, none willing

willing to redreſſe ſuch faults, authoriſed eſpeeially by gencrall cuſtome. And though if neceſsitie (the lawleſſe patrone of enforced actions) had not more preuailed than choiſe, this worke of ſo different a ſubiect from the vſuall vaine, ſhould haue beene no eye-ſore to thoſe that are pleaſed with woorſe matters. Yet ſith the copies thereof flew ſo faſt, and ſo falſe abroad, that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print, it ſeemed a leſſe euill to let it flie to common view in the natiue plume, & with the owne wings, than diſguiſed in a coat of a baſtard feather, or caſt off from the fiſt of ſuch a corrector, as might happily haue periſhed the ſound, and imped in ſome ſicke and ſorie feathers of his owne phanſies. It may be that courteous skill will reckon this, though courſe in reſpect of others exquiſite labors, not vnfit to entertaine well tempered humors, both with pleaſure & profit, the ground

thereof

therof being in ſcripture, and the form of enlarging it, an imitation of the antient doctours, in the ſame and other points of like tenour. This commoditie at the leaſt it will carrie with it, that the reader may learne to loue without improofe of puritie, and teache his thoughtes either to temper paſsion in the meane, or to giue the bridle onelie where the exceſſe cannot be faultie. Let the worke defend it ſelfe, and euerie one paſſe his ſenſure as he ſeeth cauſe. Many Carpes are expected when curious eyes come a fiſhing. But the care is alreadie taken, and patience waiteth at the table, readie to take away, when that diſh is ſerued in, and to make roume for others to ſet on the deſired fruit.

S. W.

MARY MAGDALENS Funerall Teares.

AMONGEST other mournefull accidents of the Paſſion of Chriſt, that loue preſenteth it ſelfe vnto my memorie, with which the bleſſed *Mary Magdalen* louing our Lord more then her life, followed him in his ioruney to his death, attending vppon him when his Diſciples fled, & being more willing to die with him, then they to liue with out him. But not finding the fauour to accompanie hym in death, and loathing after him to re-

remaine in life, the fire of her true affection enflamed her heart, and her enflamed heart reſolued into vnceſſant teares, ſo that burning and bathing betweene loue and griefe, ſhe led a life euer dying, & felt a death neuer ending. And when he by whom ſhee liued was dead, and ſhe for whom hee died enforcedly left aliue, ſhee praiſed the dead more thã the liuing, and hauing loſt that light of her life, ſhe deſired to dwell in darkeneſſe, and in the ſhadow of death chooſing Chriſtes Tombe for her beſt home, and his corſe for her cheife comfort. For *Mary* (as the Euangeliſt ſaith) *Stoode without at the Tombe weping.*

But alas how vnfortunate is this woman, to whom neither life will affoord a deſired farewell, nor death allowe any wiſhed welcome? She hath abandoned the liuing

uing and choſen the companie of the dead, and now it ſeemeth that euen the dead haue forſaken her, ſith the corſe ſhee ſeeketh is taken away from her. And this was the cauſe that loue induced her to ſtand, and ſorrow enforced her to weepe. Her eye was watchfull to ſeek whom her heart moſt longed to enioy, and her foote in a readineſſe to runne, if her eye ſhould chaunce to eſpie him. And therefore ſhe ſtandeth to be ſtil ſtirring, preſt to watch euery way, and prepared to goe whether any hope ſhould call her. But ſhe wept becauſe ſhe had ſuch occaſion of ſtanding, and that which moued her to watche was the motiue of her teares. For as ſhee watched to finde whome ſhe had loſt, ſo ſhee wept for hauing loſt whome ſhee loued, her poore eies being troubled at once with two contratrie

offices, both to be cleare in ſight the better to ſeeke him, and yet cloudy with teares for miſſing the ſight of him.

Yet was not this the entrance but the encreaſe of her greife, not the beginning but the renewing of her mone. For firſt ſhe mourned for the departing of his ſoule out of his body, and now ſhee lamēted the taking of his body out of the graue, being puniſhed with two wreckes of her only welfare, both full of miſerie, but the laſt without all cōfort. The firſt originall of her ſorrow grew becauſe ſhe could not enioy him aliue: yet this ſorrowe had ſome ſolace, for that ſhe hoped to haue enioyed him dead.

But when ſhe conſidered that his life was alreadie loſt, and now not ſo much as his body could be found, ſhee was wholy daunted with

with diſmay, ſith this vnhappines admitted no helpe. Shee doubted leaſt the loue of her maiſter (the onely portion that her Fortune had left her) would ſone languiſh in her cold breſt, if it neither had his words to kindle it, nor his preſence to cheriſh it, nor ſo much as his dead aſhes to rake it vp. Shee had prepared her ſpices and prouided her ointmentes, to pay him the laſt tribute, of externall dueties. And though *Ioſeph* and *Nichodemus* had alreadie beſtowed a hundreth pounds of Mirrhe and Aloes, which was in quantitie ſufficient, in qualitie of the beſt, and as well applyed as art and deuotion could deuiſe: yet ſuch was her loue, that ſhee woulde haue thought anie quantitie too little, except hers had beene added, the beſt in qualitie too meane except hers were with it, and no diligẽce

in applying it enough, except her ſeruice were in it. Not that ſhee was ſharp in cenſuring that which others had done, but becauſe loue made her ſo deſirous to do all her ſelfe, that though all had beene done that ſhe could deuiſe, and as well as ſhe could wiſh, yet vnleſſe ſhee were an Actor it would not ſuffice, ſith loue is as eager to be vttered in effects, as it is zealous in true affection. She came therefore nowe meaning to embalme his corpes, as ſhe had before anointed his feete, and to preſerue the reliques of his body, as the onely remnant of all her bliſſe. And as in the ſpring of her felicity ſhe had waſhed his feete with her teares, bewayling vnto him the death of her owne ſoule: ſo nowe ſhee came in the deph of her miſerie, to ſhedde them a freſhe for the death of hys bodye. But when

when ſhee ſawe the graue open, and the body taken out, the labor of embalming was preuented, but the cauſe of her weeping encreaſed, and hee that was wanting to her obſequies, was not wanting to her teares, and though ſhee found not whom to annoint, yet found ſhe whom to lament.

And not without cauſe did *Mary* complaine, finding her firſt anguiſhe doubled with a ſecond griefe, and being ſurcharged with two moſt violent ſorrowes in one afflicted heart. For hauing ſetled her whole affection vpon Chriſt, and ſummed all her deſires and wiſhes into the loue of his goodneſſe, as nothing could equall his worthes: ſo was there not in the whole world, either a greater benefite for her to enioy than himſelfe, or any greater domage poſsible than his loſſe.

The murdering in his one death, the life of all lifes, left a generall death in all liuing creatures, and his deceaſe not onely diſrobed our nature of her moſt royall ornaments, but impouerifhed the worlde of all higheſt perfections. What maruaile therefore though her vehement loue to ſo louely a Lord, being after the wrecke of his life, now alſo depriued of his dead bodie, feele as bitter pangues for his loſſe, as before it taſted ioyes in his preſence, and open as large an iſſue to teares of ſorrow, as euer heeretofore to tears of contẽtment? And though teares were rather oile than water to her flame, apter to nouriſh than diminiſh her griefe: yet now being plunged in the depth of paine, ſhe yeelded her ſelfe captiue to all diſcõfort, carrying an ouerthrown minde in a more enfeebled body, and

and ſtill buſie in diuiſing, but euer doubtfull in defining what ſhee might beſt doe. For what could a ſillie woman doe but weepe, that floating in a ſea of cares, found neither eare to hear her, nor toong to direct her, nor hand to helpe her, nor heart to pittie her in her deſolate caſe? True it is that *Peter* and *Iohn* came with her to the Tombe, and to make triall of her report were both within it: but as they were ſpeedie in comming, and diligent in ſearching, ſo were they as quicke to depart, and fearfull of farther ſeeking. And alas, what gained ſhe by their cõming, but two witneſſes of her loſſe, two diſmaiers of her hope, and two patterns of a new deſpaire? Loue moued them to come, but their loue was ſoone conquered, with ſuch a feare, that it ſuffered them not to ſtay. But *Mary* hoping in

diſpaire, and perſeuering in hope, ſtood without feare, becauſe ſhee nowe thought nothing left that ought to be feared. For ſhee had loſt her maiſter to whom ſhee was ſo entirely deuoted, that hee was the totall of her loues, the heigth of her hopes, and the vttermoſt of her fears, and therfore beſide him, ſhe could neither loue other creature, hope for other comfort, nor feare other loſſe. The worſt ſhee could feare was the death of her body, and that ſhee rather deſired than feared, ſith ſhee had alreadie loſt the life of her ſoule, without which, any other life would be a death, and with which anie other death would haue been a delight. But now ſhee thought it better to die than to liue, becauſe ſhe might happely dying finde, whome not dying ſhe looked not to enioy, & not enioying ſhe had little will to liue.

liue. For now ſhee loued nothing in her life, but her loue to Chriſt, and if any thing did make her willing to liue, it was onely the vnwillingneſſe that his image ſhould die with her, whoſe likeneſſe loue, had limitted in her heart, and treaſured vp in her ſweeteſt memories. And had ſhee not feared to breake the Table, and to breake open the cloſet, to which ſhee had entruſted this laſt relique of her loſt happines, the violence of grief would haue melted her heart into inward bleeding teares, & blotted her remembrance with a fatall obliuion. And yet neuertheleſſe, ſhe is now in ſo imperfect a ſort aliue, that it is prooued true in her, that *Loue is as ſtrong as Death*. For what could death haue done more in *Mary* than loue did? Her wittes were aſtonied, and all her ſenſes ſo amazed, that in the end finding ſhe did

did not knowe, ſeeing ſhee could not diſcern, hearing ſhe perceiued not, and more than al this, ſhe was not there where ſhee was, for ſhee was wholly where her maſter was, more where ſhe loued than where ſhe liued, and leſſe in her ſelfe than in his body, which notwithſtanding, where it was ſhee could not imagine. For ſhe ſought, and as yet found not, and therefore ſtoode at the Tombe weeping for it, being now altogether giuẽ to mourning and driuen to miſerie.

But O *Mary*, by whoſe counſaile, vppon what hope, or with what heart, couldeſt thou ſtand alone, when the Diſciples were departed? Thou wert there once before they came, thou returnedſt againe at their comming, and yet now thou ſtaieſt when they are gone. Alas that thy Lord is not in the Tombe, thy owne eies haue

often

often ſeene, the Diſciples handes haue felt, the emptie Syndon doth auouch, and cannot all this winne thee to beleeue it? No no, thou wouldeſt rather condemne thy owne eies of error, and both their eies and handes of deceite, yea rather ſuſpect all teſtimonies for vntrue, than not looke whom thou haſt loſt, euen there, where by no diligẽce he could be found. Whẽ thou thinkeſt of other places, and canſt not imagine anie ſo likely as this, thou ſeekeſt again in this, and though neuer ſo often ſought, it muſt ſtill be a haunt for hope. For when things dearely affected are loſt, loues nature is, neuer to bee wearie of ſearching euen the ofteneſt ſearched corners, being more willing to thinke that all the ſenſes are miſtaken, than to yeeld that hope ſhould quaile. Yet now ſith it is ſo euident, that hee is taken away,

way, what ſhould mooue thee to remaine heere where the perill is apparant, and no profite likely? Can the wit of one (and ſhee a woman) wholly poſſeſſed with paſsion, haue more light to diſcerne daunger, than two wittes of two men, and both principall fauorites of the parent of all wiſedome? Or if (notwithſtanding the daunger) there had beene iuſt cauſe to encounter it, were not two together, being both to Chriſtſworn champions, ech to other affied friends, and to all his enemies profeſſed foes, more likely to haue preuailed, than one feminine heart, timorous by kind, and already amazed with this dreadfull accident?

But alas why doe I vrge her with reaſon, whoſe reaſon is altered into loue, and that iudgeth it follie to followe ſuch reaſon, as ſhould any way impaire her loue?

Her

Her thoughtes were arreſted by euery thread of Chriſtes Sindon, and ſhe was captiue in ſo manie priſons, as the Tombe had memories of her loſt maiſter: Loue being her Iailor in them all, and nothing able to ranſome her, but the recouerie of her Lord. What maruaile then though the Apoſtles examples drew her not away, whom ſo violent a loue enforced to remain, which preſcribing lawes both to wit and will, is guided by no other lawe but it ſelfe? She could not thinke of anie feare, nor ſtand in feare of anie force. Loue armed her againſt all hazards, and being already wounded with the greateſt griefe, ſhe had no leiſure to remember anie leſſer euill. Yea ſhe had forgotten all thinges, and her ſelfe among all things, only mindfull of him, whom ſhee loued aboue all things. And yet her loue

by

by reaſon of her loſſe, drowned both her minde and memorie ſo deepe in ſorrow, and ſo buſied her wits in the conceit of his abſence, that all remembrance of his former promiſes, was diuerted with the thrõg of preſent diſcomforts, and ſhe ſeemed to haue forgotten alſo him beſides whom ſhe remẽbred nothing. For doubtleſſe had ſhe remembred him as ſhe ſhould, ſhe would not haue now thought the Tombe a fit place to ſeek him, neither would ſhe mourn for him as dead, and remooued by others force, but ioy in him as reuiued, and riſen by his owne power. For hee had often foretold both the maner of his death, and the day of his reſurrection. But alas, let her heauineſſe excuſe her, and the vnwontednesſe of the miracle plead her pardon, ſith dread and amazement hath dulled her ſenſes, diſtẽpered

pered her thoughtes, diſcouraged her hopes, awaked her paſſions, and left her no other libertie but onely to weepe.

She wept therefore, being only able to weepe. And, *As ſhe was weeping, ſhe ſtouped downe and looked into the Monument, and ſhe ſaw two Angels in white, ſitting one at the head, and another at the feete, where the bodie of Ieſus had been laid. They ſaid vnto her, woman why weepeſt thou?* *Iohn.* 1.

O *Mary*, thy good hap exceedeth thy hope, and where thy laſt ſorrow was bred, thy firſt ſuccour ſpringeth. Thou diddeſt ſeeke but one, and thou haſt found two. A dead body was thy errand, & thou haſt light vpon two aliue. Thy weeping was for a man, and thy teares haue obtained Angels. Suppreſſe now thy ſadneſſe, & refreſh thy heart with this good Fortune.

Theſe

Theſe Angels inuite thee to a parlee, they ſeeme to take pitty of thy caſe, and it may be they haue ſome happy tidings to tell thee. Thou haſt hitherto ſought in vain, as one eyther vnſeene, or vnkowne, or at the leaſt vnregarded, ſith the partie thou ſeekeſt, neither tendereth thy teares, nor anſwereth thy cries, nor relenteth with thy lamentings. Either he doth not heare, or he will not helpe, he hath peraduẽture left to loue thee, & is loath to yeld thee releefe, & therfore take ſuch comfort as thou findeſt, ſith thou art not ſo luckie, as to finde that which thou couldeſt wiſh. Remember what they are, where they ſit, from whence they come, and to whome they ſpeake. They are angels of peace, neither ſent without cauſe, nor ſeen but of fauour. They ſit in the Tombe, to ſhew that they are no ſtrangers to

thy

thy loſſe. They come from Heauen, from whence all happy news diſcendeth. They ſpeak to thy ſelf, as though they had ſome ſpeciall Embaſſage to deliuer vnto thee, Aſk them therfore of thy maiſter, for they are likelieſt to return thee a deſired anſwere. Thou kneweſt him too well, to thinke that hell hath deuoured him, thou haſt long ſought, and haſt not found him in earth, and what place ſo fit for him as to be in heauen? Aske therfore of thoſe angels that came newly from thence, and it may be, their report wil highly pleaſe thee. Or if thou art reſolued to continue thy ſeeking, who can better help thee thã they that are ſo ſwift as thy thought, as faithfull as thy owne heart, and as louing to thy Lord as thou thy ſelfe? Take therfore thy good hap, leaſt it be taken away from thee, and content thee

with Angels ſith thy maiſter hath giuen thee ouer.

But alas what meaneth this chaunge, and how happeneth this ſtrange alteration? The time hath been that fewer tears would haue wrought greater effect, ſhorter ſeeking haue ſooner found, and leſſe paine haue procured more pittie. The time hath bin that thy annointing his feet, was accepted and praiſed, thy waſhing thē with teares highly commended, and thy wyping them with thy haire, moſt courteouſly conſtrued. How then doth it now fall out, that hauing brought thy ſweet oyles, to annoint his whole body, hauing ſhed as many tears, as would haue waſhed more than his feet, and hauing not onely thy haire but thy hart ready to ſerue him, he is not moued with all theſe dueties, ſo much as once to affoord thee his ſight?

ſight? Is it not he that reclaimed thee frō thy wādring courſes, that diſpoſſeſſed thee of thy damned inhabitantes, and from the wildes of ſinne, recouered thee into the fold and family of his flocke? Was not thy houſe his home, his loue thy life, thy ſelfe his diſciple? Did not he defēd thee againſt the phariſee, plead for thee againſt *Iudas*, and excuſe thee to thy ſiſter? In ſomm, was not he thy patron and protector in all thy neceſſities?

O good Ieſu what hath thus eſtranged thee from her? Thou haſt heretofore ſo pitied her tears, that ſeeing them thou couldeſt not refraine thine. In one of her greateſt agonies for loue of her, that ſo much loued thee, thou didſt recall hir ded brother to life, turning her complaint into vnexpected contētment. And we know that thou doeſt not vſe to alter courſe with-

out cauſe, nor to chaſtice without deſert. Thou art the firſt that inuiteſt, and the laſt that forſakeſt, neuer leauing but firſt left, & euer offering, till thou art refuſed. How then hath ſhe forfaited thy fauor? Or with what treſpaſſe hath ſhee earned thy ill will? That ſhe neuer left to loue thee, her heart will depoſe, her hand will ſubſcribe, her toonge will proteſt, her teares will teſtifie, & her ſeeking doth aſſure. And alas is her perticuler caſe ſo farre from example, that thou ſhouldeſt rather alter thy nature, than ſhee better her Fortune, and be to her as thou art to no other? For our partes ſince thy laſt ſhewe of liking towardes her, wee haue found no other fault in her, but that ſhee was the earlieſt vppe to ſeeke thee, readieſt to annoint thee, and when ſhee ſaw that thou wert remooued, ſhee forthwith

did

did weepe for thee, and presently went for help to finde thee, And whereas those two that shee brought, being lesse carefull of thee, than fearefull of themselues, when they had seen what she had said, sodainly shrunke away, behold she stil staieth, she stil seeketh, she still weepeth. If this be a fault, we cannot denie but this she doth and to this shee perswadeth, yea this she neither meaneth to amẽd, nor requesteth thee to forgiue: if therefore thou reckonest this as punishable, punished she must be, sith no excuse hath effect where the fact pleadeth guiltie. But if this import not any offence but a true affection, and be rather a good desire than an euill desert, why art thou so hard a Iudge to so soft a creature, requiring her loue with thy losse, & suspending her hopes in this vnhappines? Are not those

thy words; *I loue thoſe that loue me, and who watcheth early for me ſhall find me?* Why then doth not this woman finde thee that was vp ſo early to watch for thee? Why doeſt thou not with like repay hir, that beſtoweth vpō thee hir whol loue ſith thy word is her warrant, & thy promiſe her due debt? Art thou leſſe moued with theſe tears that ſhe ſheddeth for thee hir only Maiſter, thā thou wert with thoſe that ſhe ſhed before thee for her deceaſſed brother? Or dooth her loue to thy ſeruaunt more pleaſe thee than her loue to thy ſelf? Our loue to others muſt not be to thē, but to thee in them. For he loueth thee ſo much the leſſe, that loueth anie thing with thee, that he loueth not for thee. If therefore ſhe then deſerued wel for louing thee in another, she deſerueth better now for louing thee in thy ſelfe:

and

& if indeed thou loueſt thoſe that loue thee, make thy word good to her, that is ſo farre in loue with thee. Of thy ſelfe thou haſt ſaid, that thou art *The way, the truth, and the life.* If then thou art a way eaſie to finde and neuer erring, how doth ſhe miſſe thee? If a life giuing life & neuer ending, why is ſhe redy to die for thee? If a true promiſing truth and neuer failing, how is ſhe bereaued of thee? For if what thy toonge did ſpeake, thy truth will auerre, ſhe will neuer aske more to make her moſt happy. Remember that thou ſaidſt to her ſiſter, that *Mary had choſen the beſt part, which ſhould not bee taken from her*. That ſhe choſe the beſt part is out of queſtion, ſith ſhe made choyſe of nothing but only of thee. But how can it be verified, that this part ſhall not bee taken from hir, ſith thou that art this part

art already takē away? If ſhe could haue kept thee, ſhee would not haue loſt thee, and had it beene in her power, as it was in her will, ſhe would neuer haue parted from thee: and might ſhe now be reſtored to thy preſence, ſhe would trie all Fortunes rather than forgoe thee. Sith therfore ſhe ſeeketh nothing but what ſhe choaſe, and the loſſe of her choiſe is the only cauſe of her combat, either vouchſafe thou to keep this beſt part that ſhe choſe in hir, or I ſee not how it can be true, that it ſhal not be taken frō hir. But thy meaning happily was, that though it be taken from her eyes, yet it ſhould neuer be taken from her heart, and it may be thy inward preſence ſupplieth thine outward abſence: yet I can hardly thinke, but that if *Mary* had thee within her, ſhe could feele it, and if ſhe felt it, ſhe would neuer

ſeeke

ſeeke thee. Thou art too hot a fire to be in her boſome, and not to burne her, & thy light is too great, to leaue her mind in this darknes if it ſhined in her. In true louers euery part is an eye, and euery thought a looke, and therefore ſo ſweet an obiect among ſo many eyes, and in ſo great a light, could neuer lie ſo hiddē but loue would eſpie it. No no if *Mary* had thee, her innocent heart neuer taught to diſſemble, could not make cō-plaint, the outſide of a concealed comfort, neither would ſhe turne her thoughts to paſture in a dead mans Tombe, if at home ſhee might bid them to ſo heauenly a banquet. Her loue would not haue a thought to ſpare, nor a minute to ſpend, in any other action then in enioying of thee, whome ſhe knew too well, to abridge the leaſt part in her from ſo high a happineſſe.

pineſſe. For her thirſt of thy preſence was ſo exceeding, and the Sea of thy ioyes ſo well able to afford hir a ful draught, that though euery parcell in her ſhould take in a whole tide of thy delights, ſhe would thinke thē too few to quiet her deſires. Yea doubtles if ſhe had thee within hir, ſhe would not enuy the Fortune of the richeſt Empreſſe, yea ſhe would more reioyce to bee thy Tombe in earth than a throne in heauen, and diſdaine to be a Saint if ſhe were worthy to be but thy ſhrine.

But peraduēture it is now with her mind, as it was with the Apoſtels eyes, and as they ſeeing thee walke vpon the ſea, took thee for a Ghoſt, ſo ſhe ſeeing thee in her heart, deemeth thee but a fanſie, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily ſhape, than with thy ſpirituall power.

But

But O *Mary* it ſeemeth too ſtrange that he whō thou ſeekeſt, & for whom thou weepeſt, ſhould thus giue thee ouer, to theſe painfull fittes, if in thee he did not ſee a cauſe for which he will not bee ſeen of thee. Stil thy plaint & ſtint thy weeping, for I doubt there is ſome treſpaſſe in thy teares, and ſome ſin in thy ſorow. Doeſt thou not remember his wordes to thee & to other women, when he ſaid: *Daughters of Hieruſalem weep not vpon me, but weepe vpon your ſelues and vpon your children?* what meaneſt thou then to cōtinue this courſe? Doth he forbid thy tears, and wilt thou not forbeare them? Is it no fault to infringe his will, or is not that his will, that his wordes doe import? The fault muſt bee mended, ere the penance be releaſed, and therefore eyther ceaſe to weepe, or neuer hope to finde.

But

But I know this Logike little pleaſeth thee, and I might as ſoone win thee to forbeare liuing, as to leaue weeping.

Thou wilt ſay that though hee forbad thee to weepe for him, yet hee left thee free, to weepe for thy ſelfe, and ſith thy loue hath made thee one with him, thou weepeſt but for thy ſelfe whē thou weepeſt for him. But I anſwere thee again, that becauſe he is one with thee,& thy weeping for him hath bin forbidden thee,thou canſt not weepe for thy ſelf,but his words will condemne thee.For if thou and he are one, for which ſoeuer thou weepeſt it is all one, and therefore ſith for him thou mayſt not weep, forbeare all weeping , leaſt it ſhould offend.

Yea but(ſayſt thou)to barre me from weeping,is to abridge me of libertie,and reſtraint of libertie is

a penaltie, and euery penaltie ſuppoſeth ſome offence : but an offence it is not to weepe for my ſelfe, for hee would neuer commaund it, if it were not lawfull to do it. The fault therefore muſt be, in being one with him, that maketh the weeping for my ſelfe, a weeping alſo for him. And if this bee a fault, I will neuer amend it, and let them that thinke it ſo, doe penance for it, for my part, ſith I haue loſt my myrth, I will make much of my ſorrow, & ſith I haue no ioy but in teares, I may lawfully ſhed them. Neither thinke I his former word, a warrant againſt his latter deed. And what neede had he to weep vpon the croſſe, but for our example, which if it were good for him to giue, it cannot be euill for me to follow? No no it is not my weeping that cauſeth my loſſe, ſith a world of eies, and a ſea

of

of teares, could not worthely bewaile the misse of such a maister.

Yet since, neither thy seeking findeth, nor thy weeping preuayleth, satisfy thy selfe with the sight of Angels. Demaund the cause of their comming, and the reason of thy Lords remoue, and sith they first offer thee occasion of parlee, be not thou too daintie of thy discourse. It may be they can calme thy stormes, and quiet thy vnrest, and therefore conceale not from them thy sore, least thou lose the benefite of their emplaister. But nothing can moue *Mary* to admit comfort, or entertaine anie companie, for to one alone and for euer she hath vowed her selfe, and except it be to him, she wil neither lend her eare long to others, nor borrow others helpe, least by seeking to allay her smart, she should lessen her loue. But drawing into her

her mind all penſiue conceits, ſhe muſeth and pineth in a conſuming languor, taking comfort in nothing but in being comfortleſſe.

Alas ſaith ſhe, ſmall is the light that a ſtarre can yeeld when the ſunne is downe, and a ſorrie exchange to go gather crums after the loſſe of a heauenly repaſt. My eies are not vſed to ſee by the glims of a ſparke: and in ſeeking the ſunne it is either needeleſſe or bootleſſe to borrow the light of a candle, ſith either it muſt bewraie it ſelfe with the ſelfe light, or no other light can euer diſcouer it. If they come to disburden me of my heauines, their cõming wil be burdenſom vnto me, & they wil load me more while they labour my releife. They cannot perſuade mee, that my maiſter is not loſt, for my own eies wil diſproue them. They can leſſe tell me where he may be found,

found, for they would not bee ſo ſimple to be ſo long from him: or if they can forbeare him, ſurely they doe not know him, whome none can truly know, & liue long without him. All their demurres would be tedious, and diſcourſes irkeſome. Impaire my loue they might, but appay it they could not to which he that firſt accepted the debt is the onely payment. They either want power, will or leaue to tell mee my deſire, or at the firſt worde they would haue done it, ſith Angels are not vſed to idle ſpeeches, and to me al talke is idle, that doth not tell mee of my maiſter. They know not where he is and therfore they are come to the place where hee laſt was, making the Tombe their heauen, and the remembrance of his preſence the foode of their felicitie. What ſoeuer they could tell me, if they told

told me not of him, and whatſoeuer they ſhould tell me of him, if they told me not where he were, both their telling and my hearing were but a waſting of time. I neither came to ſee them, nor deſire to heare them. I came not to ſee Angels, but him that made both me and Angels, and to whome I owe more than both to men and Angels.

And to thee I appeale, O moſt louing Lord, whether myafflicted heart do not truelie defray the tribute of an vndeuided loue. To thee I appeale whether I haue ioyned any partner with thee in the ſmall poſſeſſion of my poore ſelfe. And I would to God I were as priuie where thy bodie is, as thou art, who is onely Lord and owner of my ſoule.

But alas ſweet Ieſu, where thou wert thou art not, & wher thou art

I know not: wretched is the caſe that I am in, and yet how to better it I cannot imagine. Alas O my onely deſire, why haſt thou left me wauering in theſe vncertainties, and in how wilde a maze wander my doubtful & perplexed thoughts? If I ſtay here where he is not, I ſhall neuer finde him. If I would go further to ſeeke, I know not whether. To leaue the Tombe is a death, and to ſtand helpleſſe by it an vncurable diſeaſe, ſo that all my comfort is now concluded in this, that I am left free to chooſe whether I will ſtay without helpe, or go without hope, that is in effect, with what torment I will end my life. And yet euẽ this were too happie a choiſe for ſo vnhappie a creature. If I might be chooſer of my owne death, O howe quickly ſhould that choiſe be made, and howe willingly would I runne to that

that execution? I would be nailed to the ſame croſſe, with the ſame nailes, and in the ſame place: my heart ſhould be wounded with his ſpeare, my head with his thornes, my bodie with his whips: Finallie I would taſte all his torments, and tread all his embrued and bloudie ſteps.

But O ambitious thoughtes, why gaze you vpon ſo high a felicitie? why thinke you of ſo glorious a death, that are priuy to ſo infamous a life? death alas I deſerue, yea not one but infinit deaths. But ſo ſweet a death, ſeaſoned with ſo many cõforts, the very inſtrumẽts wherof wer able to raiſe the deadeſt corps, & depure the moſt defiled ſoule, were too ſmall a ſcourge for my great offences. And therefore I am left to feel ſo many deths as I liue hours, & to paſſe as manie pangues, as I haue thoughts of my

losse, which are as manie as there are minutes,& as violent as if they were al in euery one. But sith I can neither die as hee died, nor liue where he lieth dead, I will liue out my liuing death, by his graue, and die on my dying life by his sweet Toombe. Better is it after losse of his body to looke to his sepulcher, than after losse of the one, to leaue the other to be destroyed. No no, though I haue ben robbed of the Saint, I will at the least haue care of the shrine, which though it bee spoyled of the most soueraigne hoast, yet shal it be the Alter where I will dailie sacrifice my heart, and offer vp my teares.

Here will I euer leade, yea here doe I meane to end my wretched life, that I may at the least be buried by the Tombe of my Lord, and take my iron sleepe neere this couch of stone, which his pre-

sence

ſence hath made the place of ſweeteſt repoſe.

It may be alſo that this emptie *Syndon* lying here to no vſe, and this Tombe being open without any in it, may giue occaſiõ to ſome mercifull heart, that ſhall firſt light vpon my vnburied body, to wrap me in his ſhroud, and to interre me in this Tombe.

O too fortunate lot, for ſo vnfortunate a woman to craue: no no, I doe not craue it. For alas I dare not, yet if ſuch a ſinfull ouerſight ſhould be committed, I doe now beforehand, forgiue that ſinner, and were it no more preſumtion to wiſh it aliue than to ſuffer it dead, if I knewe the partie that ſhould firſt paſſe by mee, I would woo him with my teares, and hire him with my prayers, to bleſſe me with this felicitie. And though I dare not wiſh any to doe it, yet this

without

without offence I may ſay to all, that I loue this *Syndon* aboue all clothes in the worlde, and this Tombe I eſteeme more than anie princes monument: yea, and I thinke that corſe highly fauored, that ſhall ſucceed my Lord in it, and for my part as I mean, that the ground, where I ſtand ſhall be my death-bed, ſo am I not of *Iacobs* mind to haue my body buried far from the place where it dieth, but euen in the next & readieſt graue, and that as ſoone as my breath faileth, ſith delaies are booteleſſe, where death hath won poſſeſſion.

But alas I dare not ſaie anie more, let my bodie take ſuch fortune as befalleth it: my ſoule at the leaſt ſhall dwell in this ſweet Paradiſe; and from this brittle caſe of fleſh and bloud, paſſe preſently into the glorious Tombe of God & man. It is nowe enwrapped in a

maſſe

maſſe of corruption, it ſhall then enioy a place of high perfection: where it is now it is more by force than by choice, and like a repining priſoner in a loathed gaile. But there in little roome it ſhould find perfect reſt, and in the priſon of death, the libertie of a ioyfull life.

O ſweet Tombe of my ſweeteſt Lord, while I liue I will ſtay by thee: when I die, I will cleaue vnto thee: neither aliue nor dead, will I euer be drawne frō thee. Thou art the altar of mercie, the temple of truth, the ſanctuarie of ſafetie, the graue of death, and the cradle of eternall life. O heauen of my eclipſed ſunne, receiue vnto thee this ſillie ſtar that hath now alſo loſt all wiſhed light. O Whale that haſt ſwallowed my only *Ionas*, ſwallow alſo mee more worthy to be thy pray, ſith I, & not he, was the cauſe of this blodie tēpeſt. O Ceſtern of

my innocẽt *Ioſeph*, take me into thy drie bottom, ſith I, & not he gaue iuſt cauſe of offẽce to my enraged bretheren. But alas, in what cloud haſt thou hidden the light of our waie? Vpon what ſhoare haſt thou caſt vp the preacher of all truth? or to what *Iſmaelite* haſt thou yeelded the purueiour of our life?

Oh vnhappie mee, why did I not before thinke of that which I now aske? Why did I leaue him when I had him, thus to lament him, now that I haue loſt him? If I had watched with perſeuerance, either none would haue taken him, or they ſhould haue taken me with him.

But through too much preciſeneſſe in keeping the law, I haue loſt the law-maker, and by being too ſcrupulous in obſeruing his ceremonies, I am proued irreligious

ous in looſing himſelf, ſith I ſhold rather haue remained with the trueth than forſaken it, to ſolemnize the figure. The Sabboth could not haue bin prophaned in ſtanding by his corſe, by which the prophaneſt thinges are ſanctified, and whoſe touch doth not defile the cleane, but cleanſeth the moſt defiled.

But when it was time to ſtaie, I departed: When it was too late to helpe, I returned: and now I repent my folly, when it cannot be amended. But let my hart diſſolue into ſighs, mine eies melt in tears, and my deſolate ſoule languiſh in diſlikes: yea let all that I am and haue, indure the deſerued puniſhment, that if hee were incenſed with my fault, he may be appeaſed with my penance, and returne vpon the amendment that fled from the offence.

Thus

Thus when her timorous conſcience had indited her of ſo great an omiſſion, and her toong enforced the euidence with theſe bitter accuſations. Loue, that was nowe the onely vmpier in all her cauſes, condemned her eies to a freſhe ſhowre of tears, her breſt to a new ſtorme of ſighes, and her ſoule, to be perpetuall priſoner to reſtleſſe ſorrowes.

But O *Mary*, thou deceiueſt thy ſelfe in thy own deſires, and it wel appeareth, that exceſſe of griefe, hath bred in thee a defect of due prouidence.

And wouldeſt thou indeede haue thy wiſhes come to paſſe, and thy words fulfilled? Tell me then, I pray thee, if thy heart were diſſolued, where wouldeſt thou harbor thy Lord? what wouldeſt thou offer him? how wouldeſt thou loue him?

Thy

Thy eies haue loſt him, thy hands cannot feele him, thy feete cannot follow him, and if he be at all in thee, it is thy heart that hath him, and wouldeſt thou nowe haue that diſſolued, from thence alſo to exile him? And if thy eies were melted, thy ſoule in languor, & thy ſẽſes decaied, how wouldſt thou ſee him, if hee did appeare? how ſhouldſt thou heare him, if he did ſpeak, how couldſt thou know him, though he were ther preſent?

Thou thinkeſt happily that hee loueth thee ſo well, that if thy hart were ſpent for his loue, hee would either lend his owne heart vnto thee, or create a new heart in thee, better than that which thy ſorrow tooke from thee. It may be, thou imagineſt, that if thy ſoule would giue place, his ſoule wanting now a bodie, would enter into thine, with ſupply of all thy ſenſes, and releaſe

releaſe of thy ſorrowes.

O *Mary* thou didſt not marke what thy maiſter was wont to ſay, when hee told thee, that the third daie he ſhould riſe againe. For if thou hadſt heard him, or at the leaſt vnderſtood him, thou wouldeſt not thinke, but that hee now vſeth both his heart and ſoule in the life of his owne bodie. And therefore repaire to the Angels, and enquire more of them, leaſt thy Lord be diſpleaſed, that comming from him thou wilt not entertaine them.

But *Mary*, whoſe deuotions were all fixed vpon a nobler Saint, and that had ſo ſtraightly bound her thoughtes to his onely affection, that ſhee rather deſired to vnknow whom ſhee knewe alreadie, than to burthen her minde with the knowledge of newe acquaintance, could not make her will,

long

long ſince poſſeſſed with the higheſt loue, ſtoupe to the acceptance of meaner friendſhips. And for this though ſhe did not skornfully reiect, yet did ſhee with humilitie refuſe the angels companie, thinking it no diſcourteſie to take her ſelfe from them, for to giue her ſelfe more wholly to her Lord, to whome both ſhee and they were whollie deuoted, and ought moſt loue and greateſt dutie. Sorrow alſo being nowe the onely interpreter of al that ſenſe, deliuered to her vnderſtanding, made her conſter their demand in a more doubtfull than true meaning.

If (*ſaith ſhe*) they came to eaſe my affliction, they could not be ignorant of the cauſe: and if they were not ignorãt of it, they would neuer aske it, why then did they ſay, *Woman why weepeſt thou?*

If their queſtion did import a prohibi-

prohibition, the neceſſitie of the occaſion doth countermand their counſaile, and fitter it were they ſhould weepe with me, than I in not weeping obey them.

If the ſunne were aſhamed to ſhew his brightneſſe, when the father of all lights was darkned with ſuch diſgrace: If the heauens diſcolouring their beauties, ſuted thēſelues to their makers fortune: If the whole frame of nature were almoſt diſſolued to ſee the author of nature ſo vnnaturally abuſed: why may not Angels, that beſt knew the indignitie of the caſe, make vp a part in this lamentable conſort: And eſpecially now, that by the loſſe of his body, the cauſe of weeping is increaſed, and yet the number of mourners leſſened: ſith the Apoſtles are fled, all his friends afraid, & poore I left alone to ſupply the tears of all creatures?

O who will giue water to my head, and a fountaine of teares vnto my eies that I may weepe day and night, and neuer ceaſe weeping? O my onely Lord thy griefe was the greateſt that euer was in man, and my grief as great as euer happened to woman: for my loue hath carued me no ſmall portion of thine, thy loſſe hath redoubled the torment of my owne, and all creatures ſeeme to haue made ouer to mee theirs, leauing me as the vicegerent of all their ſorrowe, Sorrow with me at the leaſt thou O Tombe, and thaw into tears you hardeſt ſtones. The time is now come, that you are licenſed to crie, and bound to recõpence the ſilence of your Lords Diſciples, of whom hee himſelfe ſaid to the Phariſies, that if they held their peace, the verie ſtones ſhould crie for them. Now therefore ſith feare hath locked vp their lips,

lips, & ſadneſſe made them mute, let the ſtones crie out againſt the murderers of my Lord, and bewray the robbers of his ſacred bodie.

And I feare that were it well knowen, who hath taken him away, there is no ſtone ſo ſtonie: but ſhould haue cauſe to lament.

It was doubtleſſe the ſpite of ſome malicious Phariſee or bloudie Scribe, that not contented with thoſe tormentes, that hee ſuffered in life (of which euerie one to anie other would haue been a tyrannicall death) hath now ſtoln away his dead body, to practiſe vpon it ſome ſauage crueltie, and to glut their pittileſſe eies, and brutiſh hearts with the vnnaturall vſage of his helpleſſe corps. O ye rockes and ſtones if euer you muſt crie out, now it is high time, ſith the light, the life, and the Lord of

the

the world is thus darkned, maſſacred and outragiouſly miſuſed.

Doth not his toonge, whoſe trueth is infallible, and whoſe word omnipotent, commaunding both windes and ſeas, and neuer diſobeied of the moſt inſenſible creatures, promiſſe to arme the worlde, and to make the whole earth to fight againſt the ſenceleſſe perſons, in defence of the iuſt? And who more iuſt than the Lord of iuſtice? who more ſenceleſſe than his barbarous murtherers, whoſe inſatiable thirſt of his innocent bloud, could not be ſtaunched with their cruell butchering him at his death, vnleſſe they proceeded farther in this helliſh impietie to his dead bodie. Why thē do not al creatures addreſſe themſelues to reuenge ſo iuſt a quarrell, vppon ſo ſenceleſſe wretches, left of all reaſon, forſaken of humani-

tie, and bereaueed of all feeling both of God and man?

O *Mary*, why doeſt thou thus torment thy felfe with theſe tragicall ſurmiſes? Doeſt thou thinke that the angels would ſit ſtill, if there maiſter were not well? Did they ſerue him after his faſting,& would they deſpiſe him after his deceaſe? Did they comfort him before he was apprehended, and would none defend him when he was dead? If in the garden hee might haue had twelue Legions of them,is his power ſo quite ded with his bodie, that he could not now command them. Was there an Angell found to helpe *Daniell* to his dinner, to ſaue *Toby* from the fiſh, yea and to defend *Balaams* poore beaſt from his maiſters rage, and is the Lord of Angels of ſo little reckning, that if his body ſtood in neede, neuer an Angell woulde

defend

defend it? Thou ſeeſt two here preſent to honor his Tombe, and howe much more carefull woulde they be to doe domage to his perſon? Beleeue not *Mary* that they would ſmile, if thou haddeſt ſuch occaſion to weepe. They would not ſo glorioufly ſhine in white, if a black & mourning weed did better becom thē, or were a fitter liuery for their maiſter to giue, or them to were. Yeelde not more to thy vncertain feare, & deceiued loue, thē to their aſured knowlege & neuer erring charity. Can a material eie ſee more thē a heuēly ſpirit, or the glimmering of thy twilight giue better aime than the beames of their eternall ſunne? Would they (thinkeſt thou) waite vpon the winding ſheet, while the corſe were abuſed, or be heere for thy cōfort, if their Lord did neede their ſeruice? No no, he was nei-

ther anie theeues bootie, nor Phariſees pray, neither are the Angels ſo careleſſe of him, as thy ſuſpition preſumeth. And if their preſence and demeanour cannot alter thy conceit, looke vpon the cloathes and they will teach thee thine error, and cleare thee of thy doubt.

Would any theefe thinkeſt thou haue been ſo religious, as to haue ſtoln the body & left the clothes? yea, would he haue bin ſo venturous, as to haue ſtayed the vnſhrowding of the corſe, the well ordering of the ſheetes, and folding vppe the napkins? Thou knoweſt that myrrhe maketh linnen cleaue as faſt, as pitch or glue: and was a theefe at ſo much leiſure, as to diſſolue the myrrhe and vncloath the dead? what did the watch while the ſeales were broken, the Toombe opened, the body vnfolded, all other thinges ordered

dered as now thou ſeeſt? And if all this cannot yet perſwade thee, beleeue at the leaſt thy owne experience. When thy maiſter was ſtripped at the croſſe, thou knowſt that his onely garment being congealed to his goarie back, came not off without manie partes of his skin, and doubtleſſe would haue torne off many more, if he had bin annointed with myrrhe: Looke then into the ſheet, whether there remaine any parcell of skin, or any one haire of his head: and ſith there is none to be found, beleeue ſome better iſſue of thy maiſters abſence, than thy feare ſuggeſteth. A guiltie conſcience doubteth want of time, and therefore diſpatcheth haſtely. It is in hazard to be diſcouered, and therefore practiſeth in darkneſſe and ſecreſie. It euer worketh in extreame feare, and therefore hath no leyſure to

place thinges orderly. But to vnwrap ſo mangled a bodie, out of mirrhed clothes, without tearing of any skinne, or leauing on any mirrh, is a thing either to man impoſſible, or not poſſible to be don with ſuch ſpeede, without light or help, and with ſo good order. Aſſure thy ſelfe therfore, that if either of malice, or by fraud, the corſe had bin remoued, the linnen and mirrhe ſhould neuer haue bin left, and neither could the Angels look ſo chearfully, nor the clothes ly ſo orderly, but to import ſome happier accident, than thou cõceiueſt.

But to free thee more from fear, conſider theſe wordes of the Angels, *Woman why weepeſt thou?* For what do they ſignifie but as much in effect as if they had ſaid: Where angels reioyce, it agreeth not that a woman ſhould weep, and where heauenly eies are witneſſes of ioy,

no

no mortall eye ſhoulde controll them with teſtimonies of ſorrow? With more than a manly courage thou dideſt before thy cõming, arme thy feete to runne among ſwords, thy arms to remoue huge loades, thy bodie to endure all tyrants rage, and thy ſoule to be ſundred with violent tortures: and art thou now ſo much a *woman* that thou canſt not commaund thy eies to forbeare teares? If thou wert a true Diſciple, ſo manie proofes would perſuade thee, but now thy incredulous humor, maketh thee vnworthie of that ſtile, and we can affoord thee no better title than a *Woman*, and therefore *O Woman*, and too much a *Woman* why weepeſt thou?

If there were here any corſe, we might thinke that ſorrowe for the dead enforced thy teares, but now that thou findeſt it a place of the li-

uing, why dooſt thou here ſtand weeping for the dead.

Is our preſence ſo diſcomfortable that thou ſhouldeſt weepe to behold vs? or is it the courſe of thy kindneſſe with teares to entertaine vs? If they be teares of loue to teſtifie thy good will, as thy loue is acknowledged, ſo let theſe ſignes be ſuppreſſed. If they be teares of anger to denounce thy diſpleaſure, they ſhould not here haue been ſhed where all anger was buried but none deſerued. If they be teares of ſorrow and duties to the dead, they are beſtowed in vaine where the dead is reuiued. If they be teares of ioy ſtilled from the flowers of thy good Fortune, fewer of theſe would ſuffice, and fitter were other tokens to expreſſe thy contentment. And therefore *O woman why doeſt thou weepe?* would our eyes be ſo drie, if ſuch eye-

eie-ſtreames were behoouefull? Yea would not the heauens raine tears if the ſuppoſals were truths? Did not Angels always in their viſible ſemblances, repreſent their Lords inuiſible pleaſure, ſhadowing their ſhapes in the drift of his intentions? When God was incenſed they brandiſhed ſwordes: when he was appeaſed, they ſheathed them in ſcabbards: When he woulde defend, they reſembled ſouldiers, when he would terrifie they tooke terrible formes, and when he would comfort, they carried mirth in their eies, ſweetneſſe in their countenance, mildneſſe in their words, fauor, grace and comlineſſe in their whole preſence. Why thē doeſt thou weep, ſeeing vs to reioyce? Doeſt thou imagin vs to degenerate from our nature, or to forget anie dutie, whoſe ſtate is neither ſubiect to change, nor capable

capable of the leaſt offence? Art thou more feruent in thy loue, or more priuy to the coũſail of our eternal God, than we that are daily attẽdants at his throne of glory? O Woman deeme not amiſſe againſt ſo apparant euidence, and at our requeſt exchange thy ſorrow for our ioy.

But O glorious Angelles, why do ye moue hir to ioy, if you know why ſhe weepeth? Alas ſhee weepeth for the loſſe of him without whome all ioy is to her but matter of new griefe. While he liued, euery place where ſhe found him, was to hir a Paradiſe: euery ſeaſon wherein he was enioyed, a perpetuall ſpring: euery exerciſe wherin he was ſerued a ſpecial felicity: the ground whereon he went ſeemed to yeeld her ſweeter footing, the aire wherein he breathed, became to her ſpirit of life, being once ſancti-

ſanctified in his ſacred breſt. In ſumme, hys preſence brought with it a heauen of delightes, and his departure ſeemed to leaue an Eclipſe in all thinges. And yet euen the places that hee had once honoured with the acceſſe of his perſon, were to her ſo many ſweete Pilgrimages, which in his abſence ſhe vſed as chappels and alters, to offer vp her praiers, feeling in them long after, the vertue of his former preſence. And therefore to feede her with coniectures of his well-being, is but to ſtrengthen her feare of his euill, and the alleaging of likelihoods, by thoſe that know the certaintie, importeth the caſe to be ſo lamentable, that they are vnwilling it ſhuld be knowne. Your obſcure glancing at the truth, is no ſufficient acquittance of her greife, neither can ſhe out of theſe diſioyned gheſſes

ſpell

ſpell the wordes that muſt be the concluſion of her complaint. Tell her then directly what is become of her Lord, if you meane to deliuer her out of theſe dumpes, ſith what elſe ſoeuer you ſay of him, doth but draw more humours to her ſore, and rather anger it, than any way aſſuage it.

Yet hearken O *Mary*, and conſider their ſpeeches. Think what anſwere thou wilt giue thē, ſith they preſſe thee with ſo ſtrong perſuaſions. But I doubt that thy wittes are ſmoothered with too thicke a miſt, to admit theſe vnknowen beames, of their pale light. Thou art ſo wholy inherited by the blody tragedie of thy ſlaughtered Lord, and his death & dead body haue gottē ſo abſolute a conqueſt ouer all thy powers, that neither thy ſence can diſcerne, nor thy minde conceiue, anie other obiect than

than his murdered corſe.

Thy eies ſeeme to tell thee that euery thing inuiteth thee to weep, carrying ſuch outward ſhewe, as though all that thou ſeeſt were attyred in ſorrow to ſolemnize with generall conſent the funeral of thy maiſter. Thy eares perſuade thee, that all ſoundes and voyces are tuned to mourning notes, and that the Eccho of thy own wailings, is the cry of the very ſtones & trees, as though (the cauſe of thy teares being ſo vnuſuall) God to the rockes and woodes, had inſpired a feeling of thine and their common loſſe. And therefore it ſoundeth to thee as a ſtrange queſtion, to aske thee why thou weepeſt, ſith al that thou ſeeſt and heareſt, ſeemeth to enduce thee, yea to enforce thee to weepe.

If thou ſeeſt any thing that beareth a cullor of mirth, it is vnto thee like

like the rich ſpoils of a vanquiſhed kinghom, in the eie of the captiue Prince, which put him in minde what he had, not what he hath, & are but vpbraidings of his loſſe, & whetſtones of ſharper ſorrowe. Whatſeuer thou heareſt, that moueth delight, it repreſenteth the miſſe of thy mayſters ſpeeches, which as they were the onely harmony that thy ears affected, ſo they being now ſtopped with deathfull ſilence, all other words & tunes of comfort are to thee but an *Iſraelits* muſick vpon *Babilon* bancks, memories of a loſt felicitie, & proofes of a preſent vnhappineſſe. And though loue increaſed the conceit of thy loſſe which endeereth the meaneſt things, and doubleth the eſtimat of things that are pretious: yet thy faith teaching thee, the infinit dignitie of thy maiſter, & thy vnderſtanding being no dul ſcholler

ler to learne ſo well liked a leſſon, it fell out to bee the bittereſt part of thy miſerie, that thou diddeſt ſo well knowe howe infinite the loſſe was that made thee miſerable.

This is the cauſe that thoſe verie Angels in whome all thinges make remonſtrance of triumph & ſolace, are vnto thee occaſions of new greife. For their gratious and louely countenances, remember thee, that thou haſt loſt the beauty of the world, and the higheſt mark of true loues ambitiõ. Their ſweet lookes and amiable features tell thee, that the heauen of thy eyes which was the reuerend Maieſtie of thy maiſters face, once ſhined with farre more pleaſing graces, but is nowe disfigured with the dreadfull formes of death. In ſum, they were to thee, like the gliſtering ſparks of a broken Diamond, and

and like pictures of dead and decaied beauties, ſignes, not ſalues of thy calamitie, memorials, not medicines of thy misfortune.

Thy eies were too well acquainted with the truth, to accept a ſupplie of ſhadowes, and as comelineſſe, comfort, and glory were neuer in any other ſo truly at home, and ſo perfitly in their prime, as in the perſon and ſpeeches of thy Lord: ſo cannot thy thoughtes but be like ſtrangers in anie forraigne delights. For in them all thou ſeeſt no more, but ſom ſcattered crums, and hungrie morſels of thy late plentifull banquets, and findeſt a dim reflexion of thy former light, which like a flaſh of lightning, in a cloſe and ſtormie night, ſerueth thee, but to ſee thy preſent infelicitie, and the better to knowe the horror of the inſuing darknes.

Thou thinkeſt therefore thy

ſelfe

ſelfe blameleſſe, both in weeping for thy loſſe, and in refuſing other comfort: Yet in common courteſie affoord theſe Angels an anſwere, ſith their charitie in viſiting thee, deſerueth much more, and thou (if not too vngratefull) canſt allow them no leſſe.

Alas (ſaith ſhee) what needeth my anſwere, where the miſerie it ſelfe ſpeaketh, and the loſſe is manifeſt? My eies haue anſwered them with teares, my breſt with ſighs, and my heart with throbs, what need I alſo puniſh my toong or wound my ſoule with a newe rehearſall of ſo dolefull a miſchance? *They haue taken away*, O vnfortunate word. *They haue taken away my Lord.*

O afflicted woman, why thinkeſt thou this word ſo vnfortunate? It may be the angels haue taken him more ſolemnly to entombe him,

and ſith earth hath done her laſt homage, happily the Quires of heauen are alſo deſcended to defray vnto him, their funerall duties.

It may be that the *Centurion* and the reſt, that did acknowledge him on the croſſe to be the ſon of God, haue bin touched with remorſe, and goared with the pricke of conſcience, and being deſirous to ſatisfie for their heinous offẽce, haue now taken him, more honorably to interre him, and by their ſeruice to his bodie ſought forgiueneſſe, and ſued the pardon of their guiltie ſoules.

Peraduenture ſome ſecret Diſciples, haue wrought this exploit, and maugre the watch taken him from hence, with due honour to preſerue him in ſome fitter place, and therefore being yet vncertaine who hath hym, there is no

no ſuch cauſe to lament, ſith the greater probabilities, march on the better ſide. Why doeſt thou call ſorrow before it commeth, which without calling cõmeth on thee too faſt? yea why doeſt thou creat ſorrow where it is not, ſith thou haſt true ſorrowes inough though imagined ſorrowes helpe not? It is follie to ſuppoſe the worſt where the beſt may bee hoped for, and euery miſhap bringeth griefe inough with it, though we with our feares, do not go firſt to meet it. Quiet then thy ſelfe, till time trie out the trueth, and it may be thy feare wil proue greater than thy misfortune.

But I know thy loue is litle helped with this leſſon: for the more it loueth the more it feareth: and the more deſirous to enioy, the more doubtfull it is to looſe. It neither hath meaſure in hopes,

nor mean in feares: hoping the beſt vpon the leaſt ſurmiſes, and fearing the worſt vppon the weakeſt groundes. And yet both fearing and hoping at one time, neither feare withholdeth hope from the higheſt attemptes, nor hope can ſtrengthen feare againſt the ſmalleſt ſuſpitions: but maugre al fears, loues hopes will mount to the higheſt pitch, & maugre all hopes, loues feares will ſtoupe to the loweſt downcome. To bid thee therefore hope, is not to forbid thee to feare, and though it may be for the beſt, that thy Lord is taken from thee, yet, ſith it may alſo be for the worſt, that will neuer content thee.

Thou thinkeſt hope doth inough to keepe thy heart from breaking, and feare little enough to force thee to no more than weping, ſith it is likely that hee hath bin

bin taken away vpon hatred by his enemies, as vpō loue by his frends.

For hitherto (ſaieſt thou) his friends haue all failed him, and his foes preuailed againſt him, and as they that would not defend him aliue, are leſſe likely to regard him dead, ſo they that thought one life too little to take from him, are not vnlikely after death to wreake new rage vpon him.

And though this doubt were not, yet whoſoeuer hath taken him, hath wronged me, in not acquainting me with it, for to take away mine without my conſent, can neither be offered without iniurie, nor ſuffered without ſorrow. And as for Ieſus he was my Ieſus, my Lord, and my maiſter. He was mine becauſe hee was giuen vnto me, and borne for me: he was the author of my being, and ſo my father, he was the worker of my wel

doing, and therefore my ſauiour, he was the price of my raunſome, and therby my redeemer: He was my Lord to commaund me, my maiſter to iuſtruct me, my paſtor to feede me. He was mine becauſe his loue was mine, and when he gaue me his loue he gaue me himſelfe, ſith loue is no gift except the giuer be giuen with it, yea it is no loue, vnleſſe it be as liberal of that it is, as of that it hath. Finallie if the meat be mine that I eat, the life mine wherewith I liue, or hee mine, all whoſe life, labours and death were mine, then dare I boldlie ſaie that Ieſus is mine, ſith on hys bodie I feede, by his loue I liue, and to my good without anie neede of hys owne, hath he liued, laboured, and died. And therefore though his Diſciples, though the *Centurion*, yea though the angels haue take him,

they

they haue done me wrong, in defeating mee of my right, ſith I neuer meane to reſigne my intereſt.

But what if he hath taken away himſelfe, wilt thou alſo lay vniuſtice to his charge? Though he be thine, yet thine to command, not to obay, thy Lord to diſpoſe of thee, and not to be by thee diſpoſed: and therefore as it is no reaſon that the ſeruant ſhould be maiſter of his maiſters ſecretes, ſo might he, and peraduẽture ſo hath he, remoued without acquainting thee whether reuiuing himſelfe with the ſame power, with which he raiſed thy dead brother, & fulfilling the words, that he often vttered of his reſurrection.

It may be thou wilt ſay, that a gift once giuen, cannot be reuoked, and therefore though it were before in his choiſe, not to giue himſelfe vnto thee, yet the deede

of gift being once made, hee cannot be taken from thee, neither can the doner diſpoſe of his gift without the poſſeſſors priuitie. And ſith this is a rule in the law of nature, thou maiſt imagine it a breach of equity, and an impeachment of the right to conueie himſelfe away without thy conſent.

But to this I will anſwere thee with thine owne ground. For if he be thine by being giuẽ thee once. Thou art his by as manie giftes, as daies, and therefore hee being abſolute owner of thee, is likewiſe full owner of whatſoeuer is thine, and conſequently becauſe hee is thine, he is alſo his owne, and ſo nothing liable vnto thee, for taking himſelfe from thee.

Yea but hee is my Lord (ſaieſt thou) and in this reſpect, bound to keep me, at the leaſt bound not to kill me: and ſith killing is nothing

thing but a ſeuering of life from the body, he being the chiefe life both of my ſoule and body, cannot poſſibly go from me, but hee muſt with a double death kill me. And therefore he being my Lord, and bound to protect his ſeruant, it is againſt all lawes that I ſhould be thus forſaken.

But O cruel toong, why pleadeſt thou thus againſt him, whoſe caſe I feare me is ſo pitiful, that it might rather moue all tongues to plead for him, being peraduenture in their handes, whoſe vnmercifull heartes, make themſelues merrie with his miſerie, and build the triumphes of their impious victory, vpon the dolefull ruins of his diſgraced glory? And now (O griefe) becauſe I know not where he is, I cānot imagin how to help, for they haue taken him away, and I know not where they haue put him.

Alas

Alas *Mary* why doeſt thou conſume thy ſelf with theſe cares? His father knoweth and hee will helpe him. The Angels know and they will guard him. His owne ſoule knoweth and that will aſſiſt him. And what neede then is there that thou ſilly woman ſhouldeſt know it, that canſt no way profite him? But I feele in what vaine thy pulſe beateth, & by thy deſire I diſcouer thy diſeaſe. Though both heauen and earth did knowe it, and the whole world had notice of it, yet except thou alſo wert made priuie vnto it, thy woes woulde bee as great, and thy tears as many. That others ſee thy ſunne, doth not lighten thy darkeneſſe, neither can others eating ſatisfie thy hunger. The more there be that knowe of him, the greater is thy ſorrow, that among ſo manie thou art not thought worthie to be one. And

the

the more there be that may helpe him, the more it greeueth thee that thy poor help is not accepted among them. Though thy knowledge needeth not, thy loue doth desire it, and though it auaile not, thy desire will seeke it. If all know it, thou wouldest know it with all: if no other, thou wouldest know it alone, and from whom soeuer it be concealed, it must be no secret to thee. Though the knowledge would discomfort thee, yet know it thou wilt, yea though it would kill thee, thou couldest not forbeare it.

Thy Lord to thy loue is like drinke to the thirstie, which if they cānot haue, they die for drouth, & being long without it, they pine away with longing. And as men in extremitie of thirst are still dreaming of fountaines, brookes, and springes, being neuer able to haue other

other thought, or to vtter other word but of drinke and moiſture: ſo louers in the vehemencie of their paſſion, can neither thinke nor ſpeake but of that they loue, & if that be once miſſing, euery part, is both an eie to watch, and an eare to liſten, what hope or newes may be had of it If it be good they die till they heare it, though bad, yet they cannot liue without it. Of the good they hope that it is the very beſt, and of the euil they feare it to be the worſt, and yet though neuer ſo good they pine till it be told, and be it neuer ſo euill, they are importunate to know it. And when they once know it, they can neither beare the ioy, nor brooke the ſorrow, but as well the one as the other is enough to kill them.

And this O *Mary* I geſſe to be the cauſe why the Angels would not tell thee thy Lordes eſtate. For

if

if it had been to thy liking, thou wouldeſt haue died for ioy, if otherwiſe thou wouldſt haue ſunck downe for ſorrow. And therefore they leaue this newes for him to deliuer, whoſe word if it giue thee a wound, is alſo a ſalue to cure it, though neuer ſo deadly.

But alas afflicted ſoule, why doth it ſo deeply greeue thee, that thou knoweſt not where hee is? Thou canſt not better him if he be wel, thou canſt as little ſuccor him if he be ill: and ſith thou feareſt that he is rather ill than well, why wouldeſt thou know it, ſo to end thy hopes in miſhappe, and thy great feares in farre greater ſorrows? Alas to aske thee why, is in a maner to aske one halfe ſtarued why he is hungry. For as thy Lord is the foode of thy thoughtes, the reliefe of thy wiſhes, the onely repaſt of all thy deſires: ſo is thy loue

a continuall hunger, and his abſence vnto thee an extreame famine. And therefore no maruell though thou art ſo greedy to hear, yea to deuoure anie be it neuer ſo bitter notice of him, ſith thy hunger is moſt violent, and nothing but he able to content it. And albeit the hearing of his harms ſhuld worke the ſame in thy minde, that vnwholſome meate worketh in a ſicke ſtomacke: yet if it once concerne him that thou loueſt, thy hungrie loue could not temper it ſelfe from it, though after with many wringing gripes, it did a long and vnpleaſant penance.

But why doth thy ſorrow queſt ſo much vpon the place where he is? were it not inough for thee to know who had him, but that thou muſt alſo know in what place he is beſtowed? A worſe place than a graue no man will offer, and many farre

farre better manie titles wil allow: and therefore thou maiſt boldly thinke, that whereſoeuer he be, he is in a place fitter for him than where he was.

Thy ſiſter *Martha* confeſſed him to be the ſonne of God, and with her confeſſion agreed thy beliefe. And what place more conuenient for the ſonne, than to be with his Father, the buſineſſe for which he hath been ſo long from him, being now fully finiſhed?

If he be the Meſſias as thou didſt once beleeue, it was ſaid of him, *That he ſhould aſcend on high and lead our captiuitie captiue.* And what is this height, but heauen, what our captiuitie but death? Death therefore is become his captiue, and it is like that with the ſpoiles therof, he is aſcended in triumph to eternall life.

But if thou canſt not lift thy mind

mind to ſo fauorable a beliefe, yet maieſt thou verie wel ſuppoſe that he is in Paradiſe. For if he came to repaire *Adams* ruines, and to be the common parent of our redẽption, as *Adam* was of our originall infection: reaſon ſeemeth to require, that hauing indured all his life the penalty of *Adams* exile, he ſhould after death re-enter poſſeſſion of that inheritance which *Adam* loſt: that the ſame place that was the neaſt, where ſin was firſt hatched, may be nowe the childbed of grace and mercy. And if ſorow at the croſſe did not make thee as deafe, as at the toombe it maketh thee forgetfull, thou didſt in confirmation hereof heare himſelfe ſay to one of the theeues, that the ſame day hee ſhould be with him in Paradiſe. And if it be reaſon that no ſhadow ſhould be more priuiledged than the bodie,

no

no figure in more account than the figured truth, why ſhouldeſt thou beleeue that *Elias* and *Enoch* haue been in Paradiſe, theſe many ages, and that he whome they but as tipes reſembled, ſhuld be excluded frō thence? He excelled them in life, he ſurpaſſed them in myracles, he was farre beyond them in dignitie: Why then ſhoulde not his place be farre aboue, or at the leaſt equall with theirs, ſith their prerogatiues were ſo far inferiour vnto his?

And yet if the baſeneſſe and miſery of his paſſion, haue laide him ſo lowe in thy conceite, that thou thinkeſt Paradiſe too high a place to be likely to haue him: the verie loweſt roome that any reaſon can aſſigne him, cannot be meaner than the boſome of *Abraham*: and ſith God in his life did ſo often acknowledge him for his ſon,

it ſeemeth the ſlendereſt preheminence, that he can giue him aboue other men that being his holy *one, he ſhould not in his body ſee corruption*, but be free among the dead, repoſing both in body and ſoule, where other ſaints are in ſoule onely. Let not therefore the place where hee is, trouble thee, ſith it cannot bee woorſe than his graue, and infinite coniectures make probabilitie that it cannot but be better.

But ſuppoſe that hee were yet remaining in earth, and taken by others out of his Toombe, what woulde it auaile thee to knowe where he were? if he be with ſuch as loue and honour him, they will be as warie to keepe him, as they are loath he ſhould be loſt: & therfore wil either often change, or neuer confeſſe the place, knowing ſecreſie to be the ſureſt locke to defend ſo great a treaſure. If thoſe haue

haue taken him, that malice and maligne him, thou maiſt well iudge him paſt thy recouery, when he is once in poſſeſſion of ſo cruell owners.

Thou wouldeſt happily make ſale of thy liuing, and ſeeke him by ranſome. But it is not likely they would ſell him to bee honoured, that bought him to be murthered.

If price would not ſerue, thou wouldeſt fall to praier. But how can praier ſoften ſuch flint hearts? and if they skorned ſo many teares offered for his life, as little will they regard thy intreatie for his corſe.

If neither price nor praier would preuaile, thou wouldeſt attempt it by force. But alas ſilly ſouldier thy arms are to weake to manage weapons, and the iſſue of thy aſſault, would be the loſſe of thy ſelfe.

If no other way would helpe,

thou wouldeſt purloyne him by ſtealth, and thinke thy ſelfe happy in contriuing ſuch a theft. O *Mary* thou art deceiued, for malice will haue many lockes, and to ſteale him from a theef, that could ſteale him from the watche, requireth more cunning in the art, than thy want of practiſe can affoord thee.

Yet if theſe be the cauſes that thou enquireſt of the place, thou ſheweſt the force of thy rare affection, and deſerueſt the Lawrell of a perfect louer.

But to feel more of their ſweetneſſe, I wil pound theſe ſpices, and dwell a while in the peruſe of thy reſolute feruour.

And firſt, can thy loue enrich thee when thy goods are gone, or a dead corſe repay the value of thy ranſome? Becauſe he had neither bed to be borne in, nor graue to be buried in: wilt thou therefore

rather

rather be poor with him, than rich without him,

Againe, if thou hadſt to ſue to ſome cruel Scribe or Phariſee, that is, to a hart boyling in rācor, with a heart burnīg in loue, for a thing of him aboue all thinges deteſted, of thee aboue al things deſired: as his enemy to whom thou ſueſt, & his friende for whom thou intreateſt: canſt thou think it poſſible for this ſute to ſpeed? Could thy loue repaire thee from hys rage, or ſuch a tyrant ſtoupe to a womans teares?

Thirdly, if thy Lord might bee recouered by violence, art thou ſo armed in compleat loue, that thou thinkeſt it ſufficient harneſſe? or doeth thy loue endue thee with ſuch a *Iudithes* ſpirite, or lend thee ſuch *Sampſons* lockes, that thou canſt breake open huge gates, or foyle whole armies? Is thy loue ſo

ſure a ſhield, that no blowe can breake it, or ſo ſharp a dint, that no force can withſtand it? Can it thus alter ſexe, change nature, and exceed all Art.

But of all other courſes wouldſt thou aduenture a theft to obtaine thy deſire? A good deed muſt bee well done, and a worke of mercie without breach of iuſtice. It were a ſinne to ſteale a prophane treaſure, but to ſteale an annointed prophet can bee no leſſe than a ſacriledge. And what greater ſtain to thy Lord, to his doctrine, and to thy ſelfe, than to ſee thee his Diſciple publikely executed for an open theft?

O *Mary* vnleſſe thy loue haue better warrant than commõ ſence, I can hardly ſee how ſuch diſſeignments can be approoued.

Approoued (ſayth ſhe) I would to God the execution were as eaſie

ſie as the proofe, and I ſhould not long bewaile my vnfortunat loſſe.

To others it ſeemeth ill to preferre loue before riches, but to loue it ſeemeth worſe to preferre any thing before it ſelfe. Cloath him with plates of ſiluer, that ſhiuereth for colde, or fill his purſe with treaſure, that pineth for hunger, and ſee whether the plates will warme him, or the treaſure feede him. No no, hee will giue vs all his plates for a wollen garment, and al his monie for a meales meat. Euerie ſupplie fitteth not with euerie need, and the loue of ſo ſweete a Lord hath no correſpondence in worldly wealth. Without him I were poore, though Empreſſe of the world. With him I were rich, though I had nothing elſe. They that haue moſt are accounted richeſt, and they thought to haue moſt, that haue all they deſire: and

therefore as in him alone is the vttermoſt of my deſires, ſo he alone is the ſumme of al my ſubſtance. It were too happie an exchange, to haue God for goods, and too rich a pouertie to enioy the only treaſure of the world. If I were ſo fortunate a begger, I would diſdaine *Solomans* wealth, and my loue being ſo highly enriched, my life ſhould neuer complaine of want.

And if all I am worth would not reach to his ranſome, what ſhuld hinder me to ſeek him by intreaty? Though I wer to ſue to the greateſt tyrant, yet the equitie of my ſute is more than halfe a grant. If many drops ſoften the hardeſt ſtones, why ſhuld not many tears ſupple the moſt ſtony hearts? what anger ſo fiery that may not bee quenched with eie-water, ſith a weeping ſuppliant, rebateth the edge of more than a Lions fury?

My

My ſute it ſelfe would ſue for me, and ſo doleful a corſe would quicken pitie in the moſt yron heartes. But ſuppoſe that by touchinge a ranckled ſore, my touch ſhould anger it, & my petition at the firſt incẽſe him that heard it: he would percaſe reuile mee in wordes, and then his owne iniurie would recoyle with remorſe, and be vnto me a patron to proceede in my requeſt. And if he ſhould accompanie his words with blows, and his blowes with woundes, it may bee my ſtripes would ſmart in his guiltie mind, and his conſcience bleed in my bleeding woundes, and my innocent blood ſo entender hys adamant heart, that his owne inward feelinges would plead my cauſe, and peraduenture obtaine my ſute.

But if through extremitie of ſpight, he ſhould happen to kill mee

mee, his offence might eaſily redoũd to my felicitie. For he would be as careful to hide whom he had vniuſtly murdered, as him whom he had felloniouſly ſtolne, and ſo it is like, that hee would hide me in the ſame place where hee had laid my Lord, and as hee hated vs both for one cauſe, him for callenging, and me for acknowledging that he was the Meſſias: ſo would hee vſe vs both after one manner. And thus what comfort my body wanted, my ſoule ſhould enioy, in ſeeing a part of my ſelfe partner of my Maiſters miſerie: with whom to be miſerable, I reckon a higher fortune, than without him to be moſt happie.

And if no other meane would ſerue to recouer him but force: I ſee no reaſon why it might not verie well become me? None wil bar mee from defending my life, which

which the leaſt worm in the right nature hath leaue to preſerue. And ſith hee is to me ſo deare a life that without him, all life is death, nature authoriſeth my feeble forces to imploy their vttermoſt in ſo neceſſarie an attempt. Neceſſitie addeth abilitie, and loue doubleth neceſſitie, and it often happeneth that nature armed with loue, and preſſed with neede, exceedeth it ſelfe in might and ſurmounteth all hope in ſucceſſe. And as the equitie of the cauſe doth breath courage into the defendors, making them the more willing to fight, & the leſſe vnwilling to die: ſo guilty conſciences are euer timorous, ſtill ſtarting with ſodain frights, and afraid of their own ſuſpitions, ready to yeeld before the aſſault, vpon diſtruſt of their cauſe, and deſpaire of their defence. Sith therefore to reſcue an innocent, to recouer a right,

right, and to redreſſe ſo deepe a wrong, is ſo iuſt a quarrell: nature will enhable me, loue encourage me, grace confirme me, and the iudge of all iuſtice fight in my behalfe.

And if it ſeeme vnfitting to my ſexe in talke, much more in practiſe to deale with martiall affaires: yet when ſuch a cauſe happeneth, as neuer had pattern, ſuch effectes muſt follow as are without example. There was neuer any body of a God but one, neuer ſuch a bodie ſtolne but now, neuer ſuch a ſtealth vnreuenged but this. Sith therefore the Angels neglect it, and men forget it, O *Iudith* lend me thy proweſſe for I am bound to regard it.

But ſuppoſe that my force were vnable to winne him by an open enterpriſe, what ſcruple ſhould keepe me from ſeeking him by ſecret

cret meanes? yea and by plaine ſtealth, it will be thought a ſinne, and condēned for a theft. O ſweet ſinne why was not I the firſt that did commit thee? Why did I ſuffer anie other ſinner to preuent me? For ſtealing frō God his honor I was called a ſinner, and vnder that title was ſpread my infamie. But for ſtealing God from a falſe owner, I was not worthie to be called a ſinner, becauſe it had bin too high a glorie. If this bee ſo great a ſinne, and ſo heinous a theft, let others make choiſe of what titles they will: but for my part, I would refuſe to be an angel, I would not wiſh to be a Sainct, I would neuer be eſteemed either iuſt or true, and I ſhould bee beſt contented if I might both liue and die ſuch a ſinner, and be condemned for ſuch a theft. When I heard my Lorde make ſo comfortable a pro-

promiſe to the theef vpõ the cros, that hee ſhould that daie be with him in Paradiſe, I had halfe an enuie at that theeues good fortune, and wiſhed my ſelfe in the theefes place, ſo I might haue enioyed the fruit of his promiſe. But if I could be ſo happie a theefe, as to commit this theft, if that wiſh had taken effect, I would now vnwiſh it again, and ſcorne to be any other theefe than my ſelfe, ſith my booty could make me happier, than anie other theefes felicity. And what though my fellonie ſhould be called in queſtion, in what reſpect ſhould I need to feare? They would ſaie that I loued him too well. But that were ſoone diſprooued, ſith where the worthineſſe is infinite, no loue can be inough. They would obiect that I ſtole anothers goods: & as for that, many ſure titles of my intereſt would auerre him to bee mine,

mine, and his dead corſe would rather ſpeak than witneſſes ſhould faile to depoſe ſo certaine a trueth. And if I had not a ſpecial right vnto him, what ſhould moue mee to venture my life for him? No no, if I were ſo happie a fellon, I ſhould feare no temporall arraignment. I ſhould rather feare that the angels would cite me to my anſwere, for preuēting thē in the theft, ſith not the higheſt Seraphin in heauē, but would deem it a higher ſtile, than his owne, to be the theefe that had committed ſo glorious a robbery.

But alas thus ſtand I deuiſing what I would doe, if I knewe anie thing of him, and in the mean time I neither know who hath him, nor where they haue beſtowed him, and ſtil I am forced to dwel in this anſwer, that *They haue taken away my Lord, and I knowe not where they haue put him.*

While

While *Mary* thus loſt her ſelfe in a Laberinth of doubts, watering her words with teares, and warming them with ſighs, ſeeing the Angels with a kinde of reuerence riſe, as though they had done honour to one behind her : *She turned backe, and ſhe ſaw Ieſus ſtanding, but that it was Ieſus ſhe knew not.*

O *Mary*, is it poſsible that thou haſt forgotten Ieſus ? Faith hath written him in thy vnderſtanding, loue in thy will, both feare & hope in thy memorie : and how can all theſe regeſters bee ſo cancelled, that ſo plainly ſeeing, thou ſhouldeſt not know the contents ? For him onelie thou tyreſt thy feete, thou bēdeſt thy knees, thou wringeſt thy handes . For him thy heart throbbeth, thy breſt ſigheth, thy tongue complaineth. For him thy eye weepeth, thy thought ſorroweth, thy whole bodie fainteth,

and

and thy ſoule languiſheth. In ſum, there is no part in thee, but is buſie about him, and notwithſtanding all this, haſt thou nowe forgotten him? His countenance auoucheth it, his voice aſſureth it, his wounds witneſſe it, thy own eies behold it, and doeſt thou not yet beleue that this is Ieſus? Are thy ſharpe ſeeing eies become ſo weak ſighted, that they are dazeled with the ſunne, and blinded with the light?

But there is ſuch a ſhower of teares between thee and him, and thy eyes are ſo dimmed with weeping for him, that thogh thou ſeeſt the ſhape of a man, yet thou canſt not diſcern him. Thy eares alſo are ſtill ſo poſſeſſed with the dolefull Eccho of his laſt ſpeeches, which want of breath, made him vtter in a dying voyce, that the force and lowdneſſe of his liuing wordes, maketh thee imagine it the voice

of a ſtranger: and therefore as hee ſeemeth vnto thee ſo like a ſtranger, he asketh this queſtiō of thee, *O woman why weepeſt thou, whom ſeekeſt thou?*

O deſire of the heart,& only ioy of her ſoule, why demandeſt thou why ſhe weepeth, or for whō ſhe ſeeketh? But a while ſince ſhe ſaw thee her onely hope hanging on a tree,with thy head full of thornes, the eyes full of teeares, thy eares full of blaſphemies, thy mouth ful of gall,thy whole perſon mangled and disfigured, and doeſt thou aske her why ſhe weepeth? Scarſe three daies paſſed, ſhe beheld thy armes and legs, racked with violent puls,thy hands and feete boared with nailes, thy ſide wounded with a ſpeare, thy whole bodie torne with ſtripes and goared in bloud, and doeſt thou her onely griefe aske her why ſhe weepeth?

She

She beheld thee vpon the croſſe with many teares, and moſt lamentable cries, yeelding vp her ghoſt, that is thy owne ghoſt, and alas askeſt thou why ſhe weepeth? And nowe to make vp her miſerie, hauing but one hope aliue which was, that for a ſmall reliefe of her other afflictions, ſhee might haue annointed thy bodie, that hope is alſo dead, ſince thy bodie is remoued and ſhee nowe ſtandeth hopeleſſe of all helpe, and demandeſt thou why ſhee weepeth, and for whom ſhee ſeeketh? Full wel thou knoweſt, that thee onely ſhe deſireth, thee onely ſhee loueth, all thinges beſides thee ſhee contemneth, and canſt thou finde in thy heart to aske her whō ſhe ſeeketh? To what end, O ſweet Lord, doeſt thou thus ſuſpend her longinges, prolong her deſires, and martyr hir with theſe tedious delaies? Thou

onely art the fortreſſe of her faint faith, the anker of her wauering hope, the verie center of her vehement loue: to thee ſhee truſteth, vpon thee ſhee relieth, and of her ſelfe ſhe wholly deſpaireth. Shee is ſo earneſt in ſeeking thee, that ſhee can neither ſeeke nor thinke anie other thing: and all her wits are ſo buſied in muſing vpon thee, that they drawe all attention from her ſenſes, wherewith they ſhould diſcerne thee. Being therefore ſo attentiue to that ſhee thinketh, what maruell though ſhee marke not whome ſhee ſeeth, and ſith thou haſt ſo perfect notice of her thought, and ſhe ſo little power to diſcouer thee by ſenſe, why demandeſt thou for whom ſhee ſeeketh, or why ſhe weepeth? Doeſt thou looke that ſhe ſhould anſwer, for thee I ſeeke, or for thee I weep? vnleſſe thou wilt vnbend her thoughts,

thoughts, that her eies may fully ſee thee, or while thou wilt be cõcealed, doeſt thou expect that ſhee ſhould be able to know thee?

But O *Mary*, not without cauſe doth hee aske thee this queſtion. Thou wouldſt haue him aliue, & yet thou weepeſt becauſe thou doeſt not find him dead. Thou art ſorie that hee is not heere, and for this verie cauſe thou ſhouldeſt rather be glad. For if he were dead, it is moſt likely he ſhould be here, but not being heere, it is a ſigne that he is aliue. He reioyceth to be out of his graue, and thou weepeſt becauſe he is not in it. He will not lie anie where, and thou ſorroweſt for not knowing where he lieth. Alas why bewaileſt thou his glorie, as an iniurie: the reuiuing of his bodie as the robberie of his corſe? Hee being aliue, for what dead man mourneſt thou, and he

being preſent, whoſe abſence doſt thou lament? *But ſhe taking him to be a Gardener, ſaid vnto him, O Lord if thou haſt carried him from hence, tel me where thou haſt laid him, and I wil take him away.*

O wonderfull effects of *Maries* loue, if loue be a languor how liueth ſhee by it? If loue be her life, how dieth ſhe in it? If it bereaued her of ſenſe, howe did ſhe ſeee the Angels? If it quickened her ſenſe, why knew ſhe not Ieſus? Doeſt thou ſeeke for one, whome when thou haſt found thou knowſt not, or if thou doeſt knowe him when thou findeſt him, why doeſt thou ſeeke when thou haſt him?

Behold Ieſus is come, and the partie whome thou ſeekeſt, is hee that talketh with thee. O *Mary* call vp thy wits, and open thine eies. Hath thy Lord liued ſo long, laboured ſo much, died with ſuch paine,

paine, and ſhedde ſuch ſhowres of bloud to come to no higher preferment than to bee a Gardener? And haſt thou beſtowd ſuch coſt, ſo much ſorrowe, and ſo manie teares, for no better man than a ſilly Gardener? Alas is the ſory Garden the beſt inheritance, that thy loue can afford him, or a gardiners office the higheſt dignity that thou wilt allow him? It had bin better he had liued to haue been Lord of thy caſtle, thã with his deth ſo derly to haue boght ſo ſmal a purchas.

But thy miſtaking hath in it a farther myſterie. Thou thinkeſt not amiſſe though thy ſight be deceiued. For as our firſt father, in the ſtate of grace and innocencie, was placed in the Garden of pleaſure, and the firſt office allotted him, was to be a Gardener: ſo the firſt man that euer was in glorie, appeareth firſt in a Garden, & preſenteth

ſenteth himſelfe in a Gardeners likenes, that the beginnings of glorie, might reſemble the entrance of innocencie and grace. And as a Gardener was the foile of mankind, the parent of ſin, and author of death, ſo is this Gardener, the raiſer of our ruines, the ranſom of our offenſes, and the reſtorer of life. In a Garden *Adam* was deceiued, and taken captiue by the deuill. In a Garden Chriſt was betraied and taken priſoner by the Iews. In a Garden *Adam* was condemned to earn his bread with the ſweat of his browes. And after a free gift of the bread of Angels in the laſt ſupper in a Garden, Chriſt did earn it vs with a bloudy ſweat of his whole body. By diſobedient eating the fruite of a tree, our right to that Garden was by *Adam* forfeited, and by the obedient death of Chriſt vpon a tree, a farre

better

better right is nowe recouered. When *Adam* had ſinned in the garden of pleaſure: hee was there apparrelled in dead beaſtes skins, that his garment might betoken his graue, and his liuery of Death agree with his condemnation to die. And nowe to defraie the debt of that ſinne, in this garden Chriſt lay clad in the dead mans ſhrowd, and buried in his Tombe, that as our harmes began ſo they might end, and ſuch places and meanes as were the premiſes to our miſerie, might be alſo the concluſions of our misfortune. For this did Chriſt in the canticles, inuite vs to a heauenly banquet, after hee was come into this Garden, and had reaped his mirrh, and his ſpice, to forewarne vs of the ioy, that after this harueſt ſhould preſently enſue, namely when hauing ſowed in this Garden, a bodie, the mortalitie

litie wherof was ſignified by thoſe ſpices, hee now reaped the ſame, neither capable of death, nor ſubiect to corruption . For this alſo was *Mary* permitted to my ſtake, that wee might bee infourmed of the myſterie, and ſee how aptly the courſe of our redemption did anſwere the proceſſe of our condemnation.

But though he be the gardiner that hath planted the tree of grace, and reſtored vs to the vſe and eating of the fruits of life. Though it be hee that ſoweth his gifts in our ſoules, quickening in vs the ſeedes of vertue, and rooting out of vs the weeds of ſinne: yet is hee neuertheleſſe the ſame Ieſus he was, and the borrowed preſence of a meane labourer, neither altereth his perſon, nor diminiſheth his right to his diuine titles.

Why then canſte thou not as well

well ſee what in truth hee is, as what in ſhewe hee ſeemeth, but becauſe thou ſeeſt more than thou diddeſt beleeue, and findeſt more than thy faith ſerued thee to ſeeke: and for this though thy loue was woorthie to ſee him, yet thy faith was vnwoorthie to knowe him. Thou didſt ſeeke for him as dead, and therefore doeſt not know him ſeeing him aliue, and becauſe thou beleeueſt not of him as he is, thou doeſt onely ſee him as hee ſeemeth to be.

I cannot ſay thou arte faultleſſe, ſith thou arte ſo lame in thy beleefe: but thy fault deſerueth fauour, becauſe thy charitie is ſo great, and therefore, O mercifull Ieſu, giue me leaue to excuſe whome thou art minded to forgiue.

Shee thought to haue found thee, as ſhee lefte thee, and ſhee ſought

ſought thee as ſhee did laſt ſee thee, being ſo ouercome with ſorrowe for thy death, that ſhee had neither roome nor reſpite in her mind, for any hope of thy life, and being ſo deepely interred in the griefe of thy buriall, that ſhe could not raiſe her thoughts to any conceit of thy reſurrection.

For in the graue where *Ioſeph* buried thy bodie, *Mary* together with it entombed her ſoule, and ſo ſtraightly combined it with thy corſe, that ſhee could with more eaſe ſunder her ſoule from her owne bodie that liueth by it, than from thy dead bodie, with which her loue did burie it: for it is more thine and in thee, than her owne or in her ſelfe: and therefore in ſeeking thy body, ſhee ſeeketh her owne ſoule, as with the loſſe of the one, ſhee alſo loſt the other. What maruell then though ſence

faile,

faile, when the ſoule is loſt, ſith the lanterne muſt needes be darke when the light is out?

Reſtore vnto her therefore her ſoule that lieth impriſoned in thy bodie, and ſhe will ſoone, both recouer her ſenſe, and diſcouer her errour. For alas it is no error, that proceedeth of any wil to erre, and it riſeth as much of vehemencie of affection, as of default in faith. Regard not the errour of a woman, but the loue of a Diſciple, which ſupplieth in it ſelfe what in faith it wanteth.

O Lord (ſaith ſhee) *If thou haſt carried him hence, tell me where thou haſt laid him, and I will take him away.*

O howe learned is her ignorance, and how skilfull her error? Shee charged not the Angels with thy remoouing, not ſeemed to miſtruſt them for carrying thee away

way, as though that her loue had taughte her, that their helpe was needleſſe, where the thing remooued was remooued of it ſelfe. Shee did not requeſt them to enforme her where thou wert laide, as if ſhe had reſerued that queſtion for thy ſelfe to anſwere. But now ſhe iudgeth thee ſo likely to bee the author of her loſſe, that halfe ſuppoſing thee guiltie, ſhee ſueth a recouerie, and deſireth thee to tell her where the bodie is, as almoſt fullie perſuaded that thou arte as priuie to the place, as well acquainted with the action. So that if ſhe be not altogether right, ſhee is not verye muche wrong, and ſhee erreth with ſuch ayme, that ſhee verie little miſſeth the truth. Tell her therefore, O Lord, what thou haſt doone with thy ſelfe, ſith it is fitteſt for thy owne ſpeech to vtter, that which was only

ly poſſible for thy owne power to performe.

But O *Mary*, ſithence thou art ſo deſirous to know where thy Ieſus is, why doeſt thou not name him, when thou askeſt for him? Thou ſaidſt to the angels that they had taken awaie thy Lorde, and now the ſecond time thou askeſt for him. Are thy thoughts ſo viſible, as at thy onely preſence to be ſeene; or ſo generall, that they poſſeſſe all when they are once in thee? when thou ſpeakeſt of him, what Him dooſt thou meane, or how canne a ſtranger vnderſtand thee when thou talkeſt of thy Lord? Hath the worlde no other lords but thine? or is the demaunding by no other name but (him) a ſufficient notice for whome thou demaundeſt?

But ſuch is the nature of thy loue, thou iudgeſt that no other ſhould

ſhould be intitled a Lord, ſith the whole world is too little for thy Lordes poſſeſſion, and that thoſe fewe creatures that are, cannot chuſe but knowe him, ſith all the creatures of the world are too few to ſerue him. And as his worthies can appay all loues, and his onely loue content all heartes, ſo thou deemeſt him to be ſo well worthy to be owner of all thoughtes, that no thought in thy conceite, can be well beſtowed vpon any other.

Yet thy ſpeeches ſeeme more ſuddaine than ſound, and more peremptorie, than well pondered. Why doeſt thou ſay ſo reſolutely without anie further circumſtance, that if this Gardener haue taken him, thou wilt take him from him? If hee had him by right, in taking him awaie thou ſhouldſt doe him wrong. If thou

ſuppoſeſt

ſuppoſeſt hee wrongfully tooke him, thou laieſt theft to his charge, and howſoeuer it be thou either condemneſt thy ſelfe for an vſurper, or him for a theefe. And is this an effect of thy zealous loue, firſt to abaſe him from a God to a Gardener, and nowe to degrade him from a Gardener to a theefe?

Thou ſhouldſt alſo haue conſidered whether hee tooke him vpon loue or malice. If it were for loue, thou maieſt aſſure thy ſelfe that he will bee as warie to keepe, as he was ventrous to get him, and therefore thy pollicye was weake in ſaieng, thou wouldeſt take him away, before thou kneweſt where he was, ſith none is ſo ſimple to bewray their treaſure to a knowne theefe. If he tooke him of malice, thy offer to recouer him, is an open defiance, ſith

malice, is as obſtnate in defending, as violent in offring wrong, and he that would be cruell againſt thy maiſters dead bodye, is likely to be more furious againſt his liuing diſciple.

But thy loue had no leiſure to caſt ſo manie doubts. Thy teares were interpreters of thy words, and thy innocent meaning was written in thy dolefull countenaunce. Thy eies were rather pleaders for pittie, than Heraulds of wrath, and thy whole perſon preſented ſuch a patterne of thy extreame anguiſh, that no man from thy preſence could take in any other impreſſiō. And therefore what thy wordes wanted, thy action ſupplied, and what his eare might miſtake, his eie did vnderſtand.

It may be alſo that he wrought in thy heart, that was concealed from

from thy ſight,& happily his voice and demeanour did importe ſuch compaſſion of thy caſe,that he ſeemed as willing to affoord, as thou deſirous to haue his helpe. And ſo preſuming by his behauiour, that thy ſute ſhould not ſuffer repulſe, the tenour of thy requeſt doth but argue thy hope of a graunt.

But what is the reaſon, that in all thy ſpeeches, which ſince the miſſe of thy maiſter thou haſt vttered (*Where they haue put him*) is alwaies aparte? So thou ſaideſt to the Apoſtles, the ſame to the Angels, and now thou dooeſt repeat it to this ſuppoſed gardiner: verie ſweete muſt this worde bee in thy hart,that is ſo often in thy mouth, and it would neuer be ſo readie in thy toung,if it were not verie freſh in thy memorie.

But what maruaile though it

taſt ſo ſweet, that was firſt ſeaſoned in thy maiſters mouth, which as it was the treaſurie of trueth, the fountaine of life, and the onely quire of the moſt perfect harmonie, ſo whatſoeuer it deliuered, thy care deuoured, and thy heart locked vp. And now that thou wanteſt himſelfe, thou haſt no other cõfort but his words, which thou deemeſt ſo much the more effectuall to perſuade, in that they tooke their force from ſo heauenly a ſpeaker. His ſweetneſſe therefore it is, that maketh this worde ſo ſweet, and for loue of him thou repeateſt it ſo often, becauſe hee in the like caſe ſayde of thy brother, *Where haue you put him?* O how much dooſt thou affect his perſon that findeſt ſo ſweet a feeling in his phraſe. How much deſireſt thou to ſee his countenaunce, that with ſo great

great deſire pronoũceſt his words. And how willingly wouldſt thou kiſſe his ſacred feet, that ſo willingly vttereſt his ſhorteſt ſpeeches?

But what meaneſt thou to make ſo abſolute a promiſe, and ſo bouldlye to ſay, *I will take him away*. *Ioſeph* was afraid, and durſt not take downe his bodye from the croſſe, but by night, yea and then alſo not without *Pilats* warrant, but thou neither ſtaieſt vntill night nor regardeſt *Pilat*, but ſtoutly promiſeſt, that thou thy ſelf wilt take him away.

What if he be in the pallace of the high prieſt, & ſome ſuch maide as made ſaint *Peter* denie his maiſter, do begin to queſtiõ with thee, wilt thou thẽ ſtand to theſe words, I will take him away? Is thy courage ſo high aboue kind, thy ſtrẽgth ſo farre beyonde thy ſexe, and thy

loue ſo much withoute meaſure, that thou neither dooſt remember that all women are weake, nor that thou thy ſelfe arte but a woman? Thou exempteſt no place, thou preferreſt no perſon, thou ſpeakeſt without feare, thou promiſeſt without condition, thou makeſt no exception: as though nothing were impoſſible that thy loue ſuggeſteth.

But as the darkeneſſe could not fright thee from ſetting foorth before daie, nor the watch feare thee from comming to the Toombe: as thou diddeſt reſolue to breake open the ſeales, though with danger of thy life, and to remooue the ſtone from the graues mouth, though thy force coulde not ſerue thee: ſo what maruell though thy loue being nowe more incenced with the freſh wound of thy loſſe,

it

it reſolue vpon any, though neuer ſo hard aduentures?

Loue is not ruled with reaſon, but with loue. It neither regardeth what canne be, nor what ſhall bee doone, but onelie what it ſelfe deſireth to doe. No difficultie canne ſtaye it, no impoſſibilitie appale it. Loue is title iuſt enough, and Armour ſtrong enough for all aſſaults, and it ſelfe a rewarde of all laboures. It asketh no recompence, it reſpecteth no commoditie. Loues fruits are loues effects, and the gaines the paines. It conſidereth behoofe, more than benefite, and what in duetie it ſhoulde, not what in deede it canne.

But how can nature be ſo mayſtered with affection, that thou canſt take ſuch delight and carrie ſuch loue to a dead corſe? The mo-

ther how tẽderly ſoeuer ſhe loued her childe aliue, yet ſhee cannot chuſe but loath him ded. The moſt louing ſpouſe cannot endure the preſence of her deceaſſed husband and whoſe embracements were delightſome in life, are euer moſt hatefull after death. Yea this is the nature of all, but principallie of women, that the verie conceit, much more the ſight of the departed, ſtriketh into them ſo fearefull and ouglie impreſſions, and ſtirreth in them ſo great horrour, that notwithſtanding the moſt vehement loue, they thinke long vntill the houſe be rid of their verie dearest friendes, when they are once attyred in deaths vnlouelie liueries. Howe then canſte thou endure to take vp his corſe in thy handes, and to carrye it thou knoweſt not thy ſelfe how farre, being

being eſpecially ſo torn and mangled, and conſequently the more likely in ſo long time to bee tainted.

Thy ſiſter was vnwilling that the graue of her owne brother ſhould bee opened, and yet hee was ſhrowded in ſheetes, embalmed with ſpices, and died an ordinarie deathe, vvithout anie vvound, bruſe or other harme, that might haſten his corruption. But this corſe hath neither ſhroud nor ſpice, ſith theſe are all to be ſeene in the Toombe, and there is not a part in his body but had ſome helpe to further it to decay, and art thou not afraid to ſee him, yea to touch him, yea to embrace and carrie him naked in thy armes?

If thou haddeſt remembred Gods promiſe, that *His holy one ſhould*

ſhould not ſee corruption : If thou hadſt beleeued, that his Godhead remaining with his bodie, could haue preſerued it from periſhing, thy faith had beene more worthie of praiſe, but thy loue leſſe worthie of admiration, ſith the more corruptible thou diddeſt conceiue him, the more combers thou diddeſt determine to ouercome, and the greater was thy loue in beeing able to conquer them. But thou wouldeſt haue thought thy oyntmentes rather harmes than helpes, if thou hadſt been ſetled in that beliefe, and for ſo heauenly a corſe embalmed with God, all earthly ſpices woulde haue ſeemed a diſgrace. If likewiſe thou haddeſt firmely truſted vppon his reſurrection, I ſhould leſſe maruaile at thy conſtant deſignement, ſith all hazardes

zardes in taking him ſhoulde haue beene with vſurie repaid, if lying in thy lappe, thou mighteſt haue ſeen him reuiued, and his disfigured and dead body beautified in thy armes with a diuine maieſtie. If thou hadſt hoped ſo good fortune to thy watery eyes, that they might haue been firſt cleared with the beames of his deſired light, or that his eyes might haue bleſſed thee with the firſt fruites of their glorious looks: If thou hadſt imagined anie likelihoode to haue made happy thy dying heart, with taking in the firſt gaſpes of his liuing breath, or to haue heard the firſt wordes of his pleaſing voice: Finally if thou hadſt thought to haue ſeene his iniuries turned to honours, the markes of his miſerie to ornamentes of glorie, and the depth of thy heauineſſe to ſuch

ſuch a height of felicitie, whatſoeuer thou hadſt done to obtaine him, had been but a mite for a million, and too ſlender a price for ſo ſoueraigne a peniworth.

But hauing no ſuche hopes to vphold thee, and ſo manie motiues to plunge thee in diſpaire, how could thy loue be ſo mighty, as neither to feele a womans feare of ſo deformed a corſe, nor to thinke the weight of the burthen too heauie for thy feeble armes, nor to be amated with a world of dangers that this attempt did carrie with it?

But affection cannot feare whō it affecteth, loue feeleth no load of him it loueth, neither can true friendſhip bee frighted from reſcuing ſo affied a friend.

What meaneſt thou then, O comfort of her life, to leaue ſo conſtant

conſtant a wel-willer ſo long vncomforted, and to puniſh her ſo muche, that ſo well deſerueth pardon? Dallie no longer with ſo knowen a loue, which ſo manie trials auouch moſt true. And ſith ſhee is nothing but what it pleaſeth thee, let her taſt the benefite of being onely thine. She did not followe the tide of thy better Fortune, to ſhift ſaile when the ſtreame did alter courſe. Shee beganne not to loue thee in thy life, to leaue thee after death: Neither was ſhee ſuch a gueſt at thy table, that meant to bee a ſtranger in thy neceſſitie. She left thee not in thy loweſt ebbe, ſhee reuolted not from thy laſt extremitie: In thy life ſhee ſerued thee with her goods: In thy death ſhe departed not from the croſſe: after death ſhee came to dwell with thee

thee at thy graue. Why then doeſt thou not ſay with *Noemi* : *Bleſſed be ſhee of our Lord, becauſe what courteſie ſhee afforded to the quicke, ſhee hath alſo continued towardes the dead.* A thing ſo much the more to bee eſteemed, in that it is moſt rare.

Doe not ſweete Lord anie longer delay her . Beholde ſhee hath attended thee theſe three dayes, and ſhee hath not what to eate, nor wherewith to foſter her famiſhed ſoule, vnleſſe thou by diſcouering thy ſelfe, doeſt miniſter vnto her the bread of thy body, and feede her with the foode, that hath in it all taſte of ſweeteneſſe . If therefore thou wilt not haue her to faynt in the way, refreſhe her with that which her hunger requireth . For ſurely ſhee cannot long

long enioye the life of her bodie, vnleſſe ſhee maie haue notice of thee, that art the life of her ſoule.

But feare not *Marie* for thy teares will obtaine. They are too mightie oratours, to let anie ſuite fall, and though they pleaded at the moſt rigorous barre, yet haue they ſo perſuading a ſilence, and ſo conquering a complaynt, that by yeelding they ouercome, and by entreating they commaund. They tie the tongues of all accuſers, and ſoften the rigour of the ſeuereſt Iudge. Yea they winne the inuiſible, and binde the omnipotent. When they ſeeme moſt pittifull, they haue greateſt power, and being moſte forſaken they are more victorious. Repentant eyes are the Cellers of Aungels, and penitent teares

teares their ſweeteſt wines, which the ſauour of life perfumeth, the taſte of grace ſweetneth, and the pureſt cullours of returning innocencie highly beautifieth. This deaw of deuotion neuer fayleth, but the ſunne of iuſtice draweth it vp, and vppon what face ſoeuer it droppeth, it maketh it amiable in Gods eie. For this water hath thy heart been long a limbecke, ſometimes diſtilling it out of the weedes of thy owne offences with the fire of true contrition. Sometimes out of the flowers of ſpirituall comfortes, with the flames of contemplation, and now out of the bitter hearbes of thy maiſters miſeries, with the heate of a tender compaſſion. This water hath better graced thy lookes, than thy former alluring glances. It hath ſetled worthier

beauties

beauties in thy face, than all thy artificiall paintings. Yea this onely water hath quenched Gods anger, qualified his iuſtice, recouered his mercie, merited his loue, purchaſed his pardon, and brought foorth the ſpring of all thy fauours. Thy teares were the proctours for thy brothers life, the inuiters of thoſe Angels for thy comfort, and the ſuters that ſhall bee rewarded with the firſt ſight of thy reuiued ſauiour. Rewarded they ſhall be, but not refrained, altered in their cauſe, but their courſe continued. Heauen woulde weepe at the loſſe of ſo pretious a water, and earth lament the abſence of ſo fruitfull ſhowers. No no, the Aungels muſt ſtill bathe themſelues in the pure ſtreames of thy eies, and thy face ſhall ſtill bee ſet with this ly-

quid pearle, that as out of thy teares, were ſtroken the firſt ſparks of thy Lordes loue, ſo thy teares may be the oyle, to nouriſhe and feede his flame. Till death dam vp the ſprings, they ſhall neuer ceaſe running: and then ſhall thy ſoule be ferried in them to the harbour of life, that as by them it was firſt paſſed from ſinne to grace, ſo in them it may be wafted from grace to glorie. In the meane time, reare vp thy fallen hopes, and gather confidence both of thy ſpeedie comfort, and thy Lords well being.

Ieſus ſaith vnto her, Maria. Shee turning, ſaid vnto him: Rabboni.

O louing maiſter, thou diddeſt onely deferre her conſolation, to increaſe it, that the delight of thy preſence, might bee ſo much the more welcome, in that through thy

thy long abſence it was with ſo little hope, ſo muche deſired. Thou wert content ſhee ſhoulde lay out for thee ſo manie ſighes, teares, and plaints, and diddeſt purpoſely adiourne the date of her paiment, to requite the length of theſe delaies with a larger loane of ioye. It may bee ſhee knewe not her former happineſſe, till ſhe was weaned from it: nor had a right eſtimate in valuing the treaſures, with which thy preſence did enrich her, vntill her extreame pouertie taught her their vneſtimable rate. But nowe thou ſheweſt by a ſweete experience, that though ſhee payd thee with the deareſt water of her eyes, with her beſt breath, and tendereſt loue, yet ſmall was the price that ſhee beſtowed in reſpect of the worth that ſhee receiued. Shee

ſought thee dead, and impriſoned in a ſtony gayle : and nowe ſhee findeth thee both aliue and at full libertie . Shee ſought thee ſhrined in a ſhrowd, more like a leaper than thy ſelfe, left as the modell of the vttermoſt miſerie, and the onely patterne of the bittereſt vnhappineſſe : And nowe ſhe findeth thee inueſted in the robes of glory, the preſident of the higheſt, and both the owner and giuer of all felicitie.

And as all this while ſhee hath ſought without finding , wept without comforte , and called without anſwere : ſo nowe thou ſatisfieſt her ſeeking with thy comming, her teares with thy triumph, and all her cries with this one worde *Mary*. For when ſhee heard thee call her in thy woonted manner, and with thy

vſuall

vſuall voice, her onely name iſſuing from thy mouth, wrought ſo ſtrange an alteration in her, as if ſhe had been wholly newe made when ſhee was onely named. For whereas before the violence of hir griefe had ſo benummed her, that her bodie ſeemed but the hearſe of her dead heart, and her heart the cophin of an vnliuing ſoule, and her whole preſence but a repreſentation of a double funerall of thine, and of her owne: now with this one worde her ſenſes are reſtored, her minde lightned, her heart quickened, and her ſoule reuiued.

But what maruell though with one word hee raiſe the dead ſpirits of his poore diſciple, that with a word made the world and euen in this verie word ſheweth an omnipotent power?

Marie ſhee was called as well in her bad as in her reformed eſtate, and both her good and euill, was all of *Maries* working. And as *Marie* ſignifieth no leſſe what ſhee was, then what ſhee is: ſo is this one worde by his vertue that ſpeaketh it, a repetition of all her miſeries, an Epitome of his mercies, and a memoriall of all her better fortunes. And therefore it laid ſo generall a diſcouerie of her ſelfe before her eyes, that it awaked her moſte forgotten ſorrowes, and muſtered together the whole multitude of her ioyes, and woulde haue left the iſſue of their mutinie verie doubtfull, but that the preſence and notice of her higheſt happineſſe decided the quarrell, and gaue her ioyes the victorye. For as hee was her onelie ſunne, whoſe going downe,

downe, left nothing but a dumpiſhe night of fearefull fanſies, wherein no ſtarre of hope ſhyned, and the brighteſt plannets were changed into diſmall ſignes: ſo the ſerenitie of his coũtenance, & authoritie of his word, brought a calme and well tempered daie, that chaſing away all darkeneſſe, and diſperpling the clouds of melancholie, cured the letargie, and brake the dead ſleepe of her aſtonied ſenſes.

Shee therefore rauiſhed with his voice, and impatient of delayes, taketh his talke out of his mouth, and to his firſt and yet onely worde, anſwered but one other, calling him *Rabboni*, that is Maiſter. And then ſodayne ioy rowſing all other paſsions, ſhee coulde no more proceede in her owne, than giue him leaue to go

forward with his ſpeech.

Loue would haue ſpoken, but feare inforced ſilence. Hope frameth the wordes, but doubt melteth them in the paſſage: and when her inward conceites ſerued to come out, her voice trembled, her tongue faltred, her breath failed. In fine teares iſſued in liewe of wordes, and deepe ſighes in ſtead of long ſentences, the ſupplying the mothers default, and the heart preſſing out the vnſillabled breath at once, which the conflict of her diſagreeing paſſions, woulde not ſuffer to bee ſorted into the ſeueral ſounds of intelligible ſpeeches.

For ſuche is their eſtate that are ſicke with a ſurfet of ſodaine ioy, for the attaining of a thing vehemently deſired. For as deſire is euer vſhered by hope, and waited

waited on by feare, ſo is it credulous in entertaining coniectures, but hard in grounding a firme beleefe. And though it be apt to admitte the leaſt ſhadowe of wiſhed comfort, yet the hotter the deſire is to haue it, the more perfect aſſurance it requireth for it: which ſo long as it wanteth the firſt newes or apparance of that which is in requeſt, is rather an alarum to ſummon vp all paſſions, than a retreit to quiet the deſire. For as hope preſumeth the beſt, and inuiteth ioy to gratulat the good ſucceſſe: ſo feare ſuſpecteth it too good to be true, and calleth vp ſorrowe to bewaile the vncertaintie. And while theſe enterchange obiections and anſwers, ſometimes feare falleth into deſpaire, and hope riſeth into repining anger, and thus the skirmiſh ſtill continueth,

till

till euidence of proofe conclude the controuerſie.

Mary therfore though ſhe ſuddenlie, anſwered vpon notice of his voice, yet bicauſe the noueltie was ſo ſtrange, his perſon ſo changed, his preſence ſo vnexpected, and ſo many miracles laid at once before her amazed eies, ſhe found a ſedition in her thoughtes, till more earneſt viewing him exempted them from all doubt.

And then though words would haue broken out, & her heart ſent into his, duties that ſhe ought him, yet euery thought ſtriuing to be firſt vttered, and to haue the firſt roome in his gratious hering, ſhe was forced as an indifferent arbitrer among them, to ſeale them vp all vnder ſilence by ſuppreſſing ſpeech, and to ſupply the want of words, with more ſignificant

ficant actions. And therfore running to the haunt of her cheefeſt delights, and falling at his ſacred feete, ſhee offered to bath them with teares of ioy, and to ſanctifie her lips with kiſſing his once greenous, but now moſt glorious wounds.

Shee ſtayed not for any more words, being now made bleſſed with the word himſelfe, thinking it a greater benifit, at once to feede all her wiſhes, in the homage, honour and embracing of his feete, then in the often hearing of his leſſe comfortable talke.

For as the nature of loue coueteth not onelie to bee vnited, but if it were poſſible wholelie transformed out of it ſelfe into the thing it loueth: So dooth it moſt affect that which moſt vniteth, and preferreth the leaſt cõiunction before any

any distant contentmente . And therefore to see him, did not suffice her ; to heare him, did not quiet her; to speake with him, was not ynough for her, and excepte shee might touch him, nothing coulde please her. But though she humbly fell downe at his feet to kisse them, yet Christ did forbid her sayeng: *Doe not touch me, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.*

O Iesu, what mysterie is in this? Being dead in sinne, she touched thy mortall feete that were to die for her sake, and being nowe aliue in grace, may shee not touche thy glorious feete, that are no lesse for her benefit reuiued? She was once admitted to annoint thy head, and is she now vnworthie of accesse to thy feete? Doost thou nowe commaunde her from that for which thou werte woont to commende her

her, and by praiſing the deed diddeſt mooue her often to doe it. Sith other women ſhal touch thee, why hath ſhe a repulſe, yea ſith ſhe her ſelfe ſhall touch thee hereafter, why is ſhee nowe reiected? What meaneſt thou O Lord, by thus debarring her of ſo deſired a dutie, and ſith amongſt all thy diſciples thou haſt vouchſafed her with ſuch a prerogatiue, as to honour her eies with thy firſt ſighte, and her eares with thy firſt words, why denieſt thou the priuiledge of thy firſt embracing? If the multitude of her teares haue woone that fauour for her eies, and her longing to hear thee ſo great a recompence to her eares, why dooſt thou not admit her hands to touch, and her mouth to kiſſe thy holy feete, ſith the one with many plaints, and the other with their readineſſe to al ſeruices,

uices, ſeeme to haue earned no leſſe reward.

But notwithſtanding all this, thou preuenteſt the effecte of her offer, with forbidding her to touch thee, as if thou hadſt ſayd.

O *Mary*, knowe the difference betweene a glorious and a mortall bodie, betweene the condition of a momentarie and of an eternall life. For ſith the immortalitie of the bodie, and the glorie both of bodie and ſoule, are the endowments of an heauenly inhabitant, and the rightes of another worlde, thinke not this fauoure to ſeeme heere ordinarie, nor leaue to touch me a common thing.

It were not ſo great a woonder to ſee the Starres fall from theire Spheeres, and the Sunne forſake Heauen, and to come within the reache of a mortall arme, as for me that

that am not onely a Cittizen, but the ſoueraigne of ſaintes, and the ſunne whoſe beames are the Angels bliſſe, to ſhewe my ſelfe viſible to the pilgrimes of this world, and to diſplay eternall beauties to corruptible eyes. Though I bee not yet aſcended to my father, I ſhall ſhortly aſeend, and therefore meaſure not thy demeanour towards me by the place where I am but by that which is due vnto me. And when thou wilte rather with reuerence fall downe a far off, than with ſuch familiaritye preſume to touch me. Dooſt thou not beleeue my former promiſes? Haſt thou not a conſtant proofe by my preſent words? are not thy eies & ears ſufficient teſtimonies, but that thou muſt alſo haue thy hands and face witneſſes of my preſence? Touch mee not, O *Mary*, for if I doe

doe deceiue thy ſighte, or delude thy hearing, I canne as eaſilie beguile thy hand and fruſtrat thy feeling. Or if I be true in any one, beleeue me in all, and embrace mee firſt in a firme faith, and then thou ſhalt touch me with more worthie handes. It is nowe neceſſarie to weane thee from the comforte of my externall preſence, that thou mayſt learne to lodge me in the ſecrets of thy heart, and teache thy thoughtes to ſupplie the offices of outward ſenſes. For in this viſible ſhape I am not here long to bee ſeene, being ſhortly to aſcend vnto my father: but what thy eye then ſeeth not, thy heart ſhall feele, and my ſilent parlee will find audience in thy inward eare. Yet if thou feareſt leaſt my aſcending ſhoulde bee ſo ſodeine, that if thou doeſt not nowe take thy leaue of my feet,

with

with thy humble kiſſes and louing teares, thou ſhalte neuer finde the like opportunitie againe, licence from thee that needleſſe ſuſpition. I am not yet aſcended vnto my Father, and for all ſuch duties, there will bee a more conuenient time. But nowe goe about that which requireth more haſt, and runne to my bretheren and enform them what I ſaye, that I will go before them into Galilee, there they ſhall ſee me.

Mary therefore preferring her Lords will before her owne wiſh, yet ſorrie that her will was woorthie of no better euent, departeth from him like a hungrie infant pulled from a full teat, or a thirſtie Hart chaſed from a ſweet foũtaine. Shee iudged her ſelfe but an vnluckie meſſenger of moſt ioifull tidinges, being baniſhed from her

maiſters preſence, to carrie newes of his reſurrection. Alas (ſaith ſhe) and cannot others be happie without my vnhappineſſe, or cannot their gaines come in, but through my loſſes? Muſt the dawning of their day, be the euening of mine, and my ſoule robbed of ſuche a treaſure, to enrich their eares. O my heart returne thou to enioye him, why goeſt thou with me, that am enforced to go from him. In me thou art but in priſon, and in him is thy onely paradiſe. I haue buried thee long ynough in former ſorrowes, and yet nowe when thou wert halfe reuiued, I am conſtrained to carrie thee from the ſpring of life. Alas go ſeeke to better thy ſelfe in ſome more happie breſt, ſith I euill deſeruing creature am nothing different from that I was, but in hauing taken a taſte of the

the higheſt delight, that the knowledge and want of it might drown me in the deepeſt miſerie.

Thus dutie leading, and loue with-holding her, ſhe goeth as faſt backward in thought, as forwarde in pace, readie eftſoones to fainte for greefe, but that a firme hope to ſee him againe, did ſupporte her weakeneſſe. Shee often turned towardes the Toombe to breath, deming the verie aire that came from the place where he ſtood, to haue taken vertue of his preſence, and to haue in it a refreſhing force aboue the courſe of nature. Sometimes ſhee forgetteth her ſelfe, and loue carrieth her in a golden deſtraction, making her to imagine that her Lord is preſent, and then ſhee ſeemeth to demaund him queſtions, and to heare his anſweres: ſhee dreameth that his feete are in her

folded armes, and that hee giueth her ſoule a full repaſt of his comforts. But alas when ſhe commeth to her ſelfe, and findeth it but an illuſion, ſhee is ſo much the more ſorrie, in that the onely imagination, being ſo delightfull, ſhee was not worthie to enioy the thing it ſelfe. And when ſhee paſſeth by thoſe places where her maiſter had beene: O ſtones (ſayth ſhe) howe much more happie are you than I moſt wretched caitiffe, ſith to you was not denied the touch of thoſe bleſſed feete, whereof my euill deſerts haue now made me vnworthie? Alas what crime haue I of late committed, that hath thus cancelled me out of his good conceit, and eſtranged me from his accuſtomed curteſie, had I but a leaſe of his loue, for terme of his life, or did my intereſt in his feete expire with

with his deceaſſe? In them with my teares I write my firſt ſupplication for mercie, which I pointed with ſighs, foulded vp in my haire, and humblie ſealed with the impreſſion of my lippes. They were the doers of my firſt entrance into his fauour, by which I was gratiouſly entertained in his heart, and admitted to doe homage vnto his head, while it was yet a mortall mirrour of immortall maieſtie, an earthly ſeat of a heauenlye wiſedome, containing in man a gods felicitie.

But alas I muſt be contented to beare a lower ſaile, & to take down my deſires to farre meaner hopes, ſith former fauoures are nowe too high markes for mee to aime at.

O my eies why are you ſo ambitious of heauenly honours? He is nowe too brighte a ſunne for

ſo weake a ſight: your looks are limited to meaner light, you are the eies of a bat, and not of an Eagle: you muſt hũble your ſelues to the twilight of inferior things & meaſure your ſightes by your ſlender ſubſtance. Gaze not too much vpon the blaze of eternitie, leaſt you looſe your ſelues in too much ſelfe delight, and being too curious in fitting his maieſtie, you be in the end oppreſſed with his glorie. No, no, ſith I am reiected from hys feete, howe can I otherwiſe preſume, but that my want of faith hath diſlodged mee out of his heart, and throwne me out of all poſſeſſion of his minde and memorie. Yet why ſhould I ſtoupe to ſo baſe a feare? when want of faith was agreeued with want of all goodneſſe, he diſdained not to accept me for one of his nũber: and

and ſhall I now thinke that he will for my faint beleef ſo rigorouſly abandon me? And is the ſincerity of my loue, wherein he hath no partner, of ſo ſlender accoũt, that it may not hope for ſome litle ſpark of his woonted mercy? I will not wronge him with ſo vniuſt a ſuſpition, ſithe his appearing improoueth it, his words ouerthowe it, his countenance doeth diſſwade it, why then ſhould I ſuck ſo much ſorrowe out of ſo vaine a ſurmiſe.

Thus *Maries* traueling phanſies, making longe voiages in this ſhort iorney, and wauering betweene the ioy of her viſion, and the grefe of her deniall, entertained her in the way, and held her parlie with ſuch diſcourſes, as are incident into minds, in which, neither hope is full maiſter of the field, nor feare hath receiued an vtter ouerthrow.

But

But as ſhe was in this perplexed manner now falling, now riſing in her own vncertainties, ſhe findeth on the way, the other holy woman that firſt came with hir to the graue whom the angels had now aſſured of Chriſtes reſurrection. And as they paſſed all forwards towardes the Diſciples: *Behold Ieſus met them ſaying, All haile. But they came neere, and tooke hold of his feet, and adored him. Then Ieſus ſayd vnto them, Feare not. Go tell my bretheren that they goe into Galilee, there they ſhall ſee me.*

O Lord howe profound are thy iudgmentes, and vnſearchable thy councels? doth her ſorrow ſit ſo neer thy hart, or thy repuls reboūd with ſuch regret by ſeing her woū-ded loue bleede ſo faſt at her eyes, that thy late refuſall muſt ſo ſoone be requited with ſo free a grāt? Is it thy pittiy, or her chāge, which cannot

not allow that ſhe ſhould any longer faſt from her earneſt longing?

But O moſt milde phiſition, wel knowſt thou that thy ſharp corroſie, with bitter ſmart angred hir tẽder wound, which being rather cauſed, by vnwitting ignorance than wilful error, was as ſoone cured as known. And therefore thou quickly applieſt a ſweet lenitiue, to aſſwage her paine, that ſhee might acknowledge her forbidding rather a fatherly checke to her vnſetled faith, than an auſtere reiecting her for her fault. And therefore thou admitteſt her to kiſſe thy feet, the two conduits of grace, & ſeales of our redemption, renewing her a charter of thy vnchanged loue, and accepting of her the vowed ſacrifice of her ſanctified ſoule.

And thus gratious Lord haſt thou finiſhed her fears, aſſured her hopes

hopes, fulfilled her desires, satisfied her loues, stinted her teares, perfected hir ioyes, and made the period of her expiring griefes, the preamble to her now entring, and neuer ending pleasures.

O how mercifull a father thou art, to left Orphanes, howe easie a iudge to repentant sinners, and how faithfull a friend to sincere louers? It is vndoubtedly true, that thou neuer leaueſt those that loue thee, and thou loueſt such as reſt their affiãce in thee. They shal find thee liberall aboue desart, & bountifull beyond hope: a measurer of thy giftes, not by their merits, but thy own mercy.

O christian soule take *Mary* for thy mirrour, followe her affection that like effects may follow thine. Learne O sinfull man of this once a sinfull woman, that sinners may finde

finde Christ, if their sins be amended. Learn that whom sin looseth, loue recouereth, whom faintnesse of faith chaseth away, firmnesse of hope recalleth, and that which no other mortal force, fauor or policy can cõpasse, the continued tears of a constant loue, are able to obtain. Learn of *Mary* for Christ to fear no encounters, out of Christ to desire no comforts, and with the loue of Christ to ouer-rule the loue of all things. Rise earlie in the morning of thy good motions, and let them not sleepe in sloth, when diligence may performe them. Run with repentance to thy sinful heart which should haue beene the temple, but through thy falt, was no better thã a Toomb for Christ, sith hauing in thee no life to feel him, he seemed vnto thee as if hee had been dead. Roule away the stone of thy former hardnes, remoue al the heauy loads

loads that oppreſſe thee in ſin, and look into thy ſoule, whether thou canſt there finde thy Lord. If there be not within thee, ſtand weeping without, & ſeek him in other creatures, ſith being preſent in all, hee may be found in any. Let faith be thy eye, hope thy guide, and loue thy light. Seeke him, & not his: for himſelfe, & not for his gifts. If thy faith haue found him in a cloud, let thy hope ſeeke to ſee him. If hope haue led thee to ſee him, let loue ſeek further into him. To mouc in thee a deſire to find, his goods are pretious: and when he is found, to keep thee in a deſire to ſeek, his treſures are infinit. Abſent, he muſt be ſought to be had, being had, hee muſt be ſought to be more enioyd, Seeke him truely, and no other for him. Seeke him purely, & no other thing with him. Seek him onely & nothing beſide him. And if at the

firſt

firſt ſearch he appeare not, thinke it not much to perſeuer in tears, and to continue thy ſeeking. Stand vpon the earth treading vnder thee al earthly vanities, & touching them, with no more than the ſoals of thy feet, that is with the loweſt & leaſt part of thy affection. To looke the better in the tomb, bow down thy necke to the yoke of humility, and ſtoup frō lofty & proud conceits: that with humbled & lowly looks thou maiſt find, whō ſwelling and haughty thoughtes haue driuen away. A ſubmitted ſoul ſooneſt winneth his return, & the deeper it ſinketh in a ſelf contempt, the higher it climeth in his higheſt fauors. And if thou perceiueſt in the Tombe of thy hart, the preſēce of his two firſt meſſēgers, that is at the feet ſorrow of the bad that is paſt, and at the head, deſire to a better that is to come: entertain them with ſighs,

and

and welcome them with penitent tears: yet reckoning thē but as herbingers of thy Lord, ceaſe not thy ſeeking till thou findeſt himſelfe. And if he vouchſafe thee with his glorious ſight, offering himſelfe to thy inward eyes, preſume not of thy ſelfe to be able to knowe him, but as his vnworthy ſuppliant proſtrate thy petitions vnto him that thou mayſt truly diſcerne him, and faithfully ſerue him. Thus preparing thee with diligēce, comming with ſpeed, ſtanding with high lifted hopes, & ſtouping with inclined hart, if with *Mary* thou craueſt no other ſolace of Ieſus, but Ieſus himſelfe, he will anſwer thy teares with his preſence, & aſſure thee of his preſence with his own words, that hauing ſeen him thy ſelf, thou mayſt make him known to others: ſaying with *Mary*, *I haue ſeene our Lord, and theſe things he ſaid vnto me.*

LAVS DEO.